FOR POSTAGE RATES SEE FRONTISPIECE

No careless talk—"TripleX" is genuine

THE SPHERE

Vol. CLXII No. 2111 WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC JULY 6 1940

EVERY PHASE OF THE WAR ACCURATELY PICTURED AND DESCRIBED

ROSS'S
BELFAST

Ginger Ale
still the best non-alcoholic drink ever devised by man; but there is nothing to prevent the discreet addition of a little good whisky.

Sparkling Grape Fruit
A delicious all-the-year-round beverage made from the pure juice of selected fruit and refined cane sugar.

Ginger Beer
brewed in the old-fashioned way; another happy blend of nature's bounty and man's art.

PALACE COURT HOTEL
BOURNEMOUTH

—*where a day or two of relaxation equals a holiday.*

- Facing South and the sea.
- A private bathroom *en suite* with your bedroom. No extra charge.
- Dancing at week-ends. Bridge every day.
- Several Theatres and Cinemas within 30 seconds.
- Complete A.R.P. arrangements. 2 Night Porters.

'Phone (in every room) Bournemouth 7100. Write Receptionist for Folder "S"

Grant's Scotch Whisky
"FAMOUS FOR HALF A CENTURY"

THE "ARETHUSA" IS STILL HELPING POOR BOYS TO BECOME GOOD SAILORS
Many "Arethusa" boys are now officers in the Royal and Merchant Navies
IMMEDIATE FINANCIAL HELP VITALLY NEEDED
THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES & "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP
(FOUNDED 1843.)
164, SHAFTESBURY AVENUE, LONDON, W.C.2
President: H.R.H. THE DUKE OF KENT, K.G.

"Pommie"
THE PERFECT PICK-ME-UP
BABY SIZE 6d.
MADE BY GAYMER'S OF ATTLEBOROUGH

RHEUMATISM, GOUT, LUMBAGO, NEURITIS, SCIATICA, SWOLLEN JOINTS & kindred ills ENDED BY
CURICONES
THE WORLD RENOWNED ANTI-RHEUMATIC REMEDY
SUPPLIED BY REQUEST TO OVER 6,050 DOCTORS

ALL CLASSES OF INSURANCE TRANSACTED
CAR & GENERAL INSURANCE CORPORATION LTD.
83, PALL MALL, LONDON, S.W.1.

PRICE ONE SHILLING

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM

Office: 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4.

For Conditions of Sale and Supply of The Sphere *see bottom of last page of text.*

Fight Dingy Teeth

Sound White Teeth

are half-the-battle

Your teeth play an important part in helping you to "win through!" Keep them sparkling white by using this new tooth-paste containing 'Milk of Magnesia' brand antacid. 'Milk of Magnesia' by its action in the mouth removes the acid stains so many have on their teeth — especially smokers. Try the only tooth paste that contains 'Milk of Magnesia' and watch your teeth whiten day by day until they become a natural white—and stay white. Phillips' Dental Magnesia containing 75 % 'Milk of Magnesia' is the dentifrice to do it every time. Get a tube to-day. *If you have a relative or friend in the "Services" include a tube in your next parcel.*

6d., 10½d. and 1/6. Sold everywhere.

PHILLIPS' DENTAL MAGNESIA

★ *'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of Magnesia.*

Even a Doctor could not recommend a better Toilet Tissue

BRONCO TOILET PAPER

Even you cannot buy more economically

No one knows better than members of the Medical Profession how important it is that toilet paper should be smooth, soft and pure. And no one knows better than they that in Bronco you have the smoothest, softest and purest toilet paper it is possible to buy.

Added to this superfine quality is value without equal. Approximately 700 full-sized sheets are in every roll . . . **phenomenal** value.

ALSO IN INTERLEAVED FORM

Bronco
The De Luxe Toilet Paper

Made only by
THE BRITISH PATENT PERFORATED PAPER CO. LTD.,
HACKNEY WICK, LONDON, E.9

To start every day well . . .

TAKE ENO'S "FRUIT SALT" first thing every morning

Doctors recommend Eno's!

The New Economy

The Amazing "KONERAY"

THE first and only ready-made skirt with graduated knife-edge pleats ALL ROUND that taper off into a snug fitting hip line — pleats that do not gape but remain in as long as the skirt is worn. A skirt for formal wear and for everyday wear . . . ideal with a contrasting jacket . . . that looks equally well with blouse or jumper. War-time economy suggests a "KONERAY" skirt for your wardrobe. Available in Worsteds, Tweeds, Checks, Authentic Tartans, Pure Irish Linen, All-Wool Flannels and Cream All-Wool Serge at all good drapers and stores. Prices from 30/-

'KONERAY'

"KONERAY" PATENT PENDING *Pleated* Skirt

Manufacturers:
C. STILLITZ,
14-16a, Shore Road, London, E. 9

THE SPHERE
With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly
London, July 6, 1940

THE FRUSTRATION OF AN ENEMY HOPE

The Fleet Air Arm Bomb a Big New German Gun Emplacement Cut in the Chalk Cliffs of Calais

It has for long been a boast of the Germans that, when the Channel ports were in their hands, Britain would be bombarded by land guns. Well, the Channel ports *are* in their hands; at Calais the enemy hastened on with the work of building new gun emplacements in the chalk cliffs. But whilst this work was progressing a young Canadian pilot was busy photographing what was going on; he discovered the emplacement on a photographic reconnaissance when he flew at less than 1,000 ft. to get his pictures. The Nazi gunfire was so heavy that he only brought his aircraft home by great skill; he forced landed at a South Coast aerodrome and then prepared to lead aircraft of the Fleet Air Arm to the attack. Protected by Hurricanes, the bombers swept down on the target in three waves, dive-bombing in the face of tremendous fire from heavy artillery and anti-aircraft guns of all kinds. The big new gun emplacement was completely wrecked; our bombers suffered the loss of one aircraft which crashed into the sea near the French coast. In the official photograph reproduced above, one bomb has just burst near the target; the next fell directly on it, completely wrecking both emplacement and guns

Postage—Inland, 2d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.; Elsewhere Abroad, 2d.

A WAR NEWSLETTER — No. XLIV

32–34, ST. BRIDE STREET, E.C.4

THE LAST DOUBLE-CROSS.

—One or two Empire journals gave us in the first moment of complete disillusion at the Bordeaux treachery this one grain of comfort. We have reached the end of one kind of bad news. We have reduced the number of our European nigger-boys (those allies who swore solemn oaths to fight by our side to the last, only to capitulate to the enemy to save their skins) to a minimum, which gives us hope that we shall hear of no more double-crossing. It may be so. Let us hope it will be so. The Entente lasted twenty-six years. It is dead now in any political sense, though we retain in our sympathy and respect for the staunch and outraged and still militant majority in France and out of France all the spirit of that quarter-century-old understanding. The Entente of 1904 carried us through the last Great War and without it victory would never have been attained. If it were alive to-day, victory would be a foregone conclusion. As things are, we must and we shall attain victory without it. What if it had dissolved in the middle years between the two great wars, say at the time when Germany re-occupied the Rhineland? Supposing, then, we had cut adrift from Europe and returned to our isolation of 1900? Should we as an Empire to-day be worse off or better off? Would the cause of freedom stand safer or more precarious? The statesmen to-day most trusted by the nation, and now in power, backed and banked on one vital policy, our close and closer alliance with France. That staff of life has proved a broken reed. It has cost us dear. We do not speak the "European" language. If in isolation from Europe we had forged ahead with home and imperial defence, if we had written off Europe and devoted all our energies to arousing to a sense of danger and responsibility the New World, would our position to-day be stronger or weaker, would our Empire communications be more or less threatened? Would we be at war to-day? What a vast field of speculation is here opened out. We may speculate. We may not and must not criticise. For what is man but a frail and myopic amateur of statecraft, politics, science, strategy, and philosophy. "Can we win now?" writes doubting Thomas. Yes, I think we can win *now*.

SILENCE, GENTLEMEN!—

God send our Ministers realise soon what seems plain to many ignorant men who obediently follow them. The one thing which makes the Germans grin is to hear of recriminations between the British and Bordeaux Governments, rebutters and surrebutters of this excuse or that denial. Can we not at last learn the value of silence after all these bitter experiences? There are no neutrals to impress. No ears to reach. We stand or fall by ourselves. Hitler's clear aim is to antagonise the *whole* of Europe against Britain, and only *deeds* can prevent it. No one is going to help us outside the restricted circle of Empire and a part of the New World. And these allies know what to think of Pétain's actions and know the truth without special pleading by M.O.I. or B.B.C. Words, words! Do any of us think to-day there is any value of any sort to be set on a word's worth? Europe has no veneration for oaths and uses words as Englishmen use spills. Just so long as Hitler's power is in the ascendant, so long will the tide of European antagonism set and swell against us. We shall have friends in plenty in Europe as soon as we can turn the tide against Hitler. Not till then. Why, then, do we spill words. Let us ration the B.B.C. and M.O.I., and get on with the war. And, as we fight, let us have an end of boasts and jeers and that dreadful showmanship of our heroic fighting men on the radio.

BORDEAUX PIGEON.—

The terms for an armistice with Germany accepted by Pétain's Bordeaux Government surpassed in humiliation and shame anything which even Pétain visualised. Yet, with one or two minor suggestions, the Government at Bordeaux ordered their signature. The French nation is reduced to a small vassal principality under the rule of the Axis, and is required to lend all its resources and all possible passive help to wage war against the ally with whom it is solemnly pledged to fight and die and never to yield, and to whom and to the world it has repeatedly reaffirmed that unalterable determination. Its ports must be left equipped for German and Italian naval war against Britain, its fleet and air fleet must be turned over for blockade and destruction of Britain, its guns and factories must pour out shells to be exploded on British soil. There are depths of degradation in the human mind which, even in these days of almost complete disillusionment, we cannot accept as possible even when we have clearest proof. *Credo quia impossibile*. But the humiliation of kissing Hitler's rod is as nothing, *nothing* to the degradation of kissing the rod of Mussolini, whom only a week before the French Government had contemptuously dismissed as a back-stairs assassin with a papier mâché dagger. Can the name of France be brought lower by any possible combination of circumstances? But, all questions of bare honour apart, what has Pétain gained for France? A respite—a short respite—from danger and personal suffering, without the slightest guarantee that her treachery will earn for her the smallest consideration if the Axis Powers should win. There are no peace terms even hinted at. Italy would see to it that the pigeon would be plucked bare when the war ended, and France would remain in the category of Monaco, a little state with a couple of casinos and a hundred decorative soldiers, some of them Marshals of France. Does the spirit of the French nation, to gain a little respite, submit to *that*, does the logic of the French mind (so constantly vaunted) swallow or reject *that* argument?

THE LATE AIR-MARSHAL BALBO: Mystery surrounds the death of this well-known figure, so popular with the Italians that Mussolini found it necessary to remove him as far as possible from the public eye and so appointed him Governor-General of Libya. The Italian official announcement states that he was "killed in battle" while flying over Tobruk, the Libyan naval base. Italy also announces that eight other people, including the Marshal's nephew, were in the plane. Careful investigation has shown that no large machine such as that described was either seen or attacked by the R.A.F. His death recalls similar incidents, such as the death "in action" of General von Fritsch, opponent of Hitler's home and foreign policy

THE ITALIAN BANDIT'S GRABBINGS.—

If the German terms of armistice to France were humiliating and disastrous, what can we say of the demands of the Italian assassin who claimed them after twelve days of "safety first" and ineffective nibbling at war? Humiliating is not the word. Yet Pétain grovellingly and blindly signed away France's right to consider and contemptuously reject them. For these terms are not so much humiliating in the putting forward as so shameful in the acceptance that the whole world turns from them with nausea. But there is this to be said: The Nazi terms can be enforced in large measure. The Italian are not likely to be fully met, despite Pétain's submission. Italy must come and take her demands, if she can, if she wants them all. Wise would it have been if Hitler had, as I suggested, restrained the greed of his Italian hired assassin.

"FORCED ON THE NAZIS."

—The war against Great Britain which is being "forced on Hitler" is proceeding and we believe that we in Britain may "stick it" as well as the Germans. There is something typically and exclusively German in that choice of a diplomatic expression at that juncture as there was in the choice of Foch's railway coach from which to dictate to France terms which would not "humiliate a brave enemy." Only a German governess would have thought of that refinement. The inconsistency in German logic grows more patent with her every utterance and action. War against Britain is being "forced on" Germany, because Britain feels it right to defend herself from extinction as a nation and Empire. It is because Hitler feels it right to defend Germany "against extinction as a nation and Empire" that she is "defending herself." The word-making game goes on, even while the business of battering down the cities of civilisation with bombs reaches its apex. It is, like cricket, a game which simply will not die.

THE L.D.V.; SUPPORTED BY CHARITY.—

Only a British Government would try to run an army of half a million on the charity of its own personnel. That is how the L.D.V. has been run since May 24. The Government has supplied a very fair proportion of good, modern rifles and a percentage of uniforms, and the men already compose a force to be reckoned with. But the whole of the cost of organising has fallen on the leaders of the force. The cost in stationery, postage, telephone and petrol has been immensely heavy. Not a penny has yet been repaid towards these expenses. A small imprest has been distributed to areas, but it is hedged with safeguards which are impossible to fulfil, and it remains undistributed. Some section leaders earning £3 or £4 a week are £10 out of pocket from these vital, voluntary war duties. District leaders are as much as £20 out of pocket. Nothing has been settled about wear and tear of cars, quite apart from petrol consumption. Every haulage, every scrap of material for shelters, road blocks, etc., must be bought, paid for and transported at the leader's private cost. It is possible to try the finest volunteer spirit too high. The volunteers are mostly men working twelve hours a day on work of national importance and are of course (as is right) not paid for their soldiering (though the Observer Corps is paid). Could any other nation reveal the same meanness or shortsightedness? It will be put right, of course. Meanwhile . . . Sir Edward Grigg will no doubt be painting another idealised picture.

A REQUEST TO WOBBLERS.—

I respectfully ask parents who cannot make up their minds whether to evacuate their children (if they can make arrangements) to the Dominions or to America, to settle the question by themselves and not to canvass advice from their friends and relations who also have children of their own. Anything more selfish and mischievous than this proof of weakness and panic I cannot conceive. Those parents who have taken the decision to keep their families together, to live or die together, not to try to dodge fate by a bitter and indefinite separation, with all the risks of an Atlantic voyage, all the chronic anxiety and uncertainties inherent in the fact of having their children living, in sickness or health, in a far country among strangers and in strange surroundings — those parents may be wrong, but they are entitled to demand from their friends that their decision should be respected and that they should not be asked to take on the added burden of reconsideration and reopening an issue so anxiously debated. It is sheer selfishness (and panic spreading) on the part of such canvassers who want to have their minds made up for them at the cost of new suffering to their friends. What is the value of human life to-day? Very slight. And what sort of life will remain for small children, evacuated to safety, when their parents have been killed, their homes destroyed and none left to earn money for their keep and education? I do not wish that fate for my children. Some of us with young children prefer the alternative—to take what comes in our own homes, with such courage as we may find, such faith in God as we may compass, and to see it through together, young and old, babies and parents; and if it be the will of Heaven that we die together, so much the better. There is nothing much to anchor any generation of Englishmen to life if, in the air, on land, and at sea, the power of the Nazis should prevail.

RAINFALL.—

Now that the rain has come at last the subject may pass the Censor. The fields have drunk again, and the commons and plantations are no longer tinder; nor do I think they will become so again this summer. Not to the same extent. We have nearly reached the half-year at the time of writing and the rainfall has been smaller than during any year which I have recorded. Less than 14 ins. have fallen during this half-year in an area where the average rainfall is just under 40 ins. Since the end of March only 3¼ ins. of rain had fallen up to June 28, and that must constitute something like a record. Add to that, that drying winds, abnormally hot suns and cloudless days and very little dew, have been our portion, and it can be imagined what was the state of sandy soils. Yet in spite of these things, harvest prospects look good, if more rain comes soon; hay was successfully gathered in, a fair crop; and in gardens such a year for soft fruits has seldom been equalled in recent times. Strawberries were a bumper crop, currents and raspberries promise well, peas were large and a very fine crop, and the potatoes have not suffered. Our water reserves are somewhat restored and the prospects are fair. THE OLD STAGER

CHANNEL ISLANDS in GERMAN HANDS

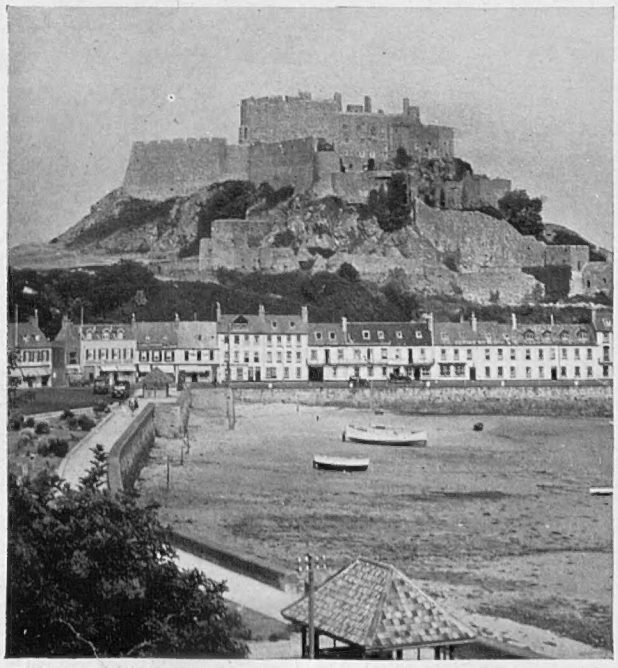
THE DEMILITARISED ISLANDS, AFTER BEING BOMBED AND MACHINE-GUNNED BY GERMAN PLANES ON JUNE 28–29, WERE OCCUPIED BY THE ENEMY ON JULY 1

AN AIR VIEW OF ST. HELIER HARBOUR, JERSEY: Both Jersey and Guernsey were bombed and machine-gunned on Friday and Saturday of last week. On the first day the inhabitants of Jersey in particular were totally unprepared for such a visitation and gazed up at the oncoming planes without seeking cover. It was then that the casualties occurred. On the following day the people took cover effectively, and subsequently the island was occupied by air

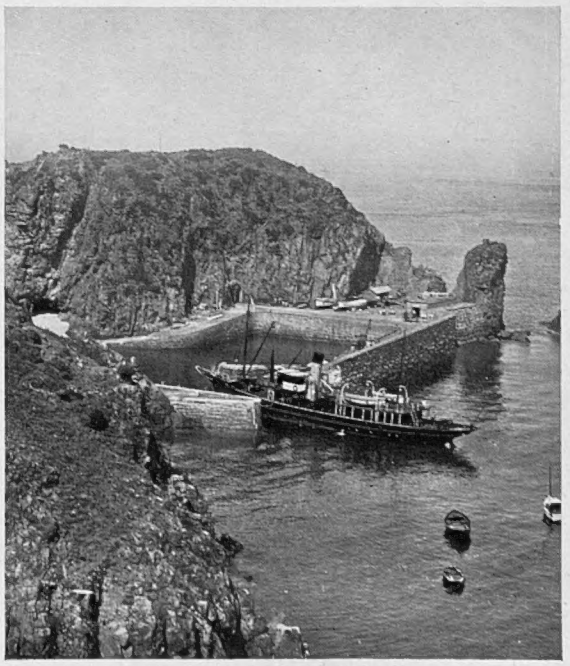
IN ENGLAND AFTER A 20-HOUR JOURNEY: A large number of the islanders were evacuated in cargo boats and paddle steamers to ports in the south-west

THE TOWN OF ST. HELIER, PHOTOGRAPHED FROM A JERSEY AIRWAYS PLANE: Some of the hotels were hit and damaged, although no military resistance of any kind had been offered by the islanders or any military force. A considerable amount of vegetables for the English market came from the Channel Islands. Fortunately, the potato crop had already been lifted and a considerable number of Jersey cattle had been shipped to Britain

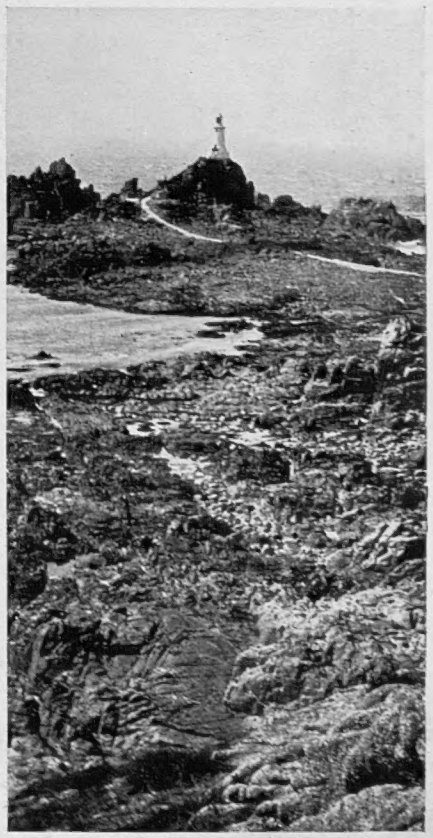
ARRIVED IN LONDON: Refugees from the islands arrived in London over the week-end. Thousands of pet animals had to be destroyed before they left



THE PICTURESQUE MONT ORGUEIL CASTLE, JERSEY: The history of the islands goes back to Norman times when Duke Rollo of Normandy acquired them in A.D. 932. The islands remained loyal to King John at a crucial moment



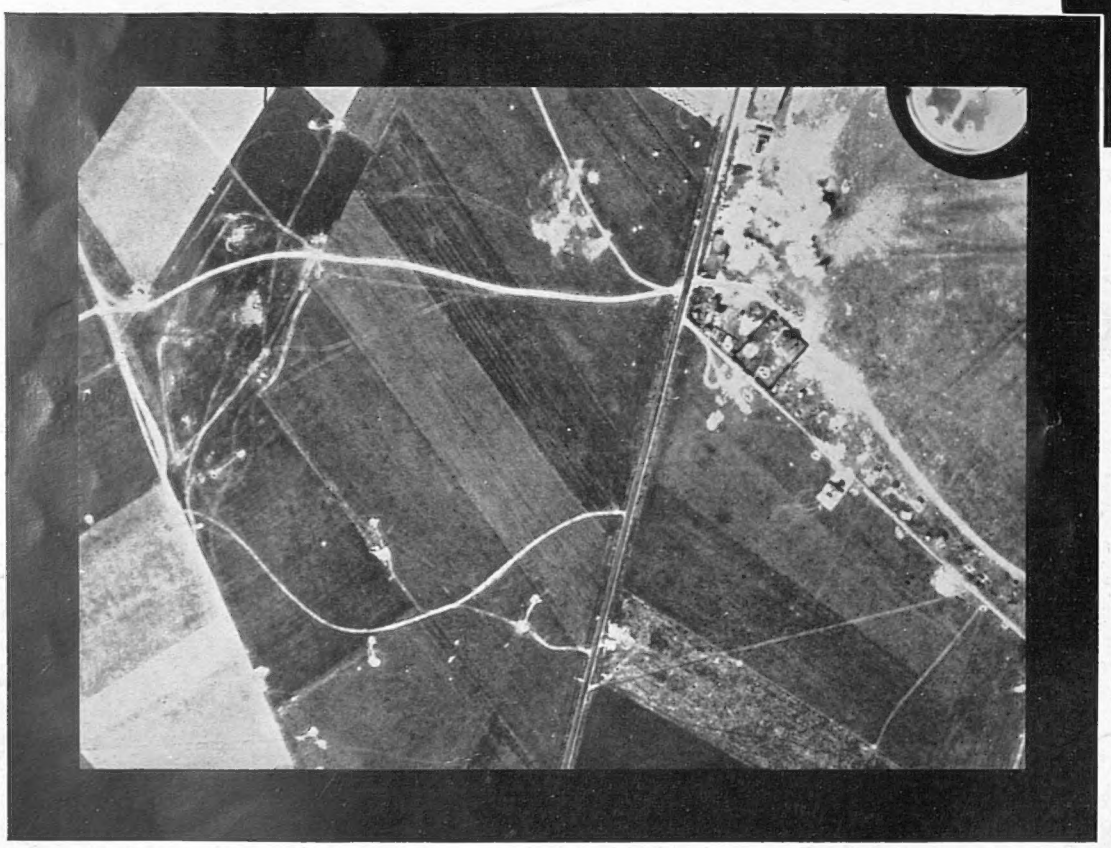
THE TINY HARBOUR OF THE ISLAND OF SARK: A pleasant trip could be made in a little local steamer to Sark where one could lunch on lobster and sleep in the afternoon. The cliffs fall steeply to the sea



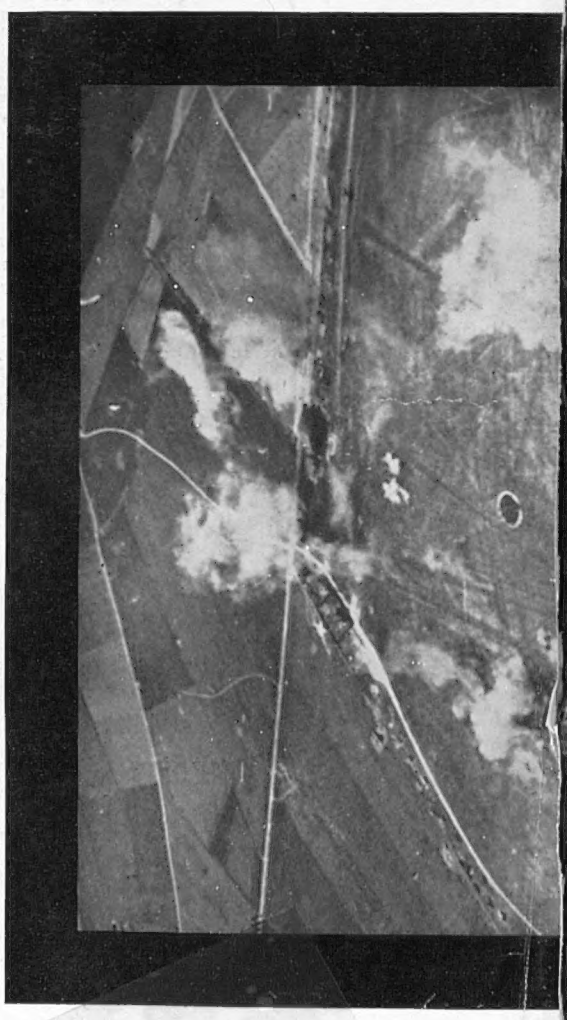
THE CORBIÈRE LIGHTHOUSE: The Islands are surrounded by dangerous reefs, notably the Casket rocks. Famous wrecks occurred in 1744 and 1899

1.—HERE IS ABBEVILLE, WITH THE AERODROME RIGHT BELOW: The looped road at the bottom of the picture is the boundary of the airfield. Aircraft are well dispersed, some even being put into the next field; they are presumably Messerschmitt 110s, but the big plane is probably a French medium bomber

2.—THE BRITISH BOMBER IS RIGHT OVER HIS TAR Altogether a salvo of six were dropped by this aircr here. And the objective is all ready down below



4.—NOW WE CAN SEE WHAT'S HAPPENED! There are two holes in the roof of the big hangar, to say nothing of holes elsewhere—on the landing ground, by the side of roads, and other awkward places. The Messerschmitt drawn up on a sort of emplacement must have collected quite a lot of bomb splinters too! One bomb burst less than 20 yards away from it—and that couldn't have done it any good



5.—BANKING AWAY NOW, HAVING DONE ALL THE D nice bursts on the landing ground, in addition to in the other pictures. Big holes make landing so m return home after a spell of combat in the

THE R.A.F. MAKE A CALL AT ABBEVILLE AERODROME

Now in Enemy Hands, this Important Air Base is Being Harassed by Powerful Bombers from Britain—with these Results

The pictures reproduced on this page have just been released by the Air Ministry for publication: they show a recent bombing raid on Abbeville Aerodrome actually in progress, and from start to finish as witnessed by one of the aircraft taking part. Abbeville is one of the aerodromes which the Germans intend to use for the "air invasion" of Great Britain: consequently it is coming in for a good deal of attention from the R.A.F., as recent Air Ministry communiqués indicate. Throughout the whole of this region of France, in fact, British bombers and fighters are engaged almost continuously. The pictures reproduced here are amongst the best which have yet been released by the Air Ministry

NOW, AND HERE GO THE BOMBS! although only two are actually visible receive its very unwelcome visitors!

AGE WE CAN: There are plenty of damage to hangars and aircraft shown more difficult—especially when you probably with a damaged aircraft!

3.—GOOD SHOOTING! THE SMALL HANGAR IS ON FIRE, BUT THERE IS SO MUCH SMOKE THAT IT'S RATHER DIFFICULT TO SEE WHAT HAS ACTUALLY HAPPENED: Explosions are taking place at many points; in addition, craters from previous bombing raids are quite prominent in the picture. Yes, the R.A.F. certainly can make an aerodrome look pretty sick when they set out to do so!

6.—THAT'S ALL FOR THIS TIME; NOW WE CAN GET OUT OF THE WAY AND LET THE NEXT FELLOW HAVE A GO: Oh, yes; this was only the work of one bomber. After him came others, also eager for a good run at a good target. And it takes more than anti-aircraft fire to put a British bomber off, once he has decided to have a go at the enemy. As is now well known to most people, the method employed on these bombing expeditions is for each aircraft to have one or more runs at the target, so that the damage done is cumulative! Sometimes a serious raid can go on for hours. Having digested these pictures, therefore, we here in England can the better appreciate the wonderful work which the R.A.F. are doing every day and every night over enemy territory

THE REWARD OF VALOUR—OFFICERS AND SERGEANTS OF THE R.A.F. ON PARADE TO RECEIVE DECORATIONS FROM THE KING: His Majesty has just completed a tour of over 100 miles, in the course of which he visited four R.A.F. Fighter Stations near London and decorated thirteen officers and two sergeant-pilots who, between them, have accounted for no fewer than 112 enemy machines. The average age of the men decorated was twenty-four and a half years, the youngest being only twenty-two years of age; two of the officers (pictures of both are given on these pages) were awarded both the D.S.O. and the D.F.C. at the same time. At one station visited by the King some aircraft landed during the Royal visit after an actual combat with the enemy; at another station a squadron took off for action just as the King arrived

WITH OFFICERS AND SERGEANT-PILOTS OF THE R.A.F.: THE KING SHAKES HANDS WITH A GROUP OF PILOTS, FULLY ACCOUTRED FOR ACTION, JUST BEFORE THEY TOOK OFF FOR A FLIGHT OVER ENEMY TERRITORY

JUST BEFORE THE FLIGHT INTO ACTION—THE KING HAS ONE MINUTE WITH THE R.A.F. PILOTS BEFORE THEY EMPLANE FOR THEIR FLIGHT

On right—**THE DECORATIONS FOR VALOUR**

In addition to making money, the Royal Mint is now also busily engaged in making medals for the Fighting Services. Thousands of the twenty-six possible honours, decorations and awards which may be won in time of war are now in course of production; in order that you may identify these the more readily—or rather the ribbons which alone are worn on uniforms—we present the picture reproduced on the right. Whilst it is not possible to show all twenty-six, we reproduce those most frequently met with. From left to right these are: (top row) Victoria Cross, Distinguished Service Order, Military Cross, Distinguished Flying Cross, and Air Force Cross; (bottom row) Distinguished Flying Medal, Air Force Medal, Conspicuous Gallantry (Naval), Naval Distinguished Service Medal, Distinguished Conduct Medal, and Military Medal

"HIGHEST OF ALL BRAVE MEN"—Mr. Winston Churchill

The King's Tour of Fighter Units During the Course of which He Decorated R.A.F. Pilots Who, Together, Have Brought Down 112 Machines

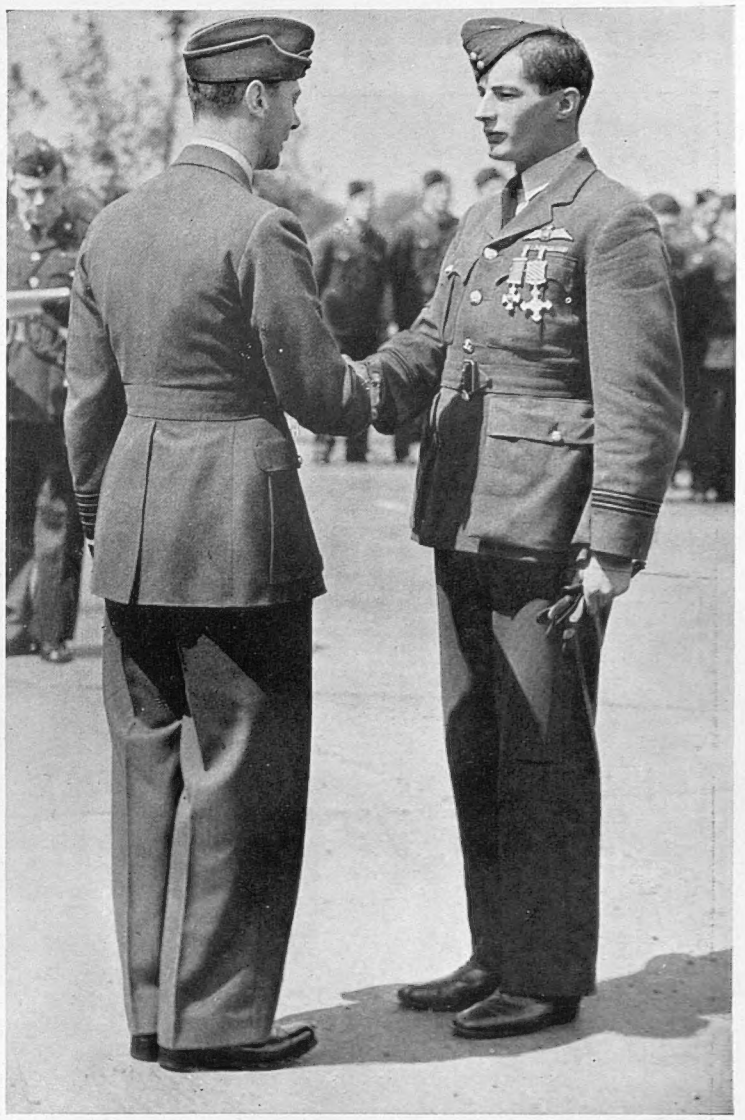
THE D.S.O. FOR SQUADRON-LEADER JAMES ANTHONY LEATHART: This officer flew a trainer aircraft to Calais Marck aerodrome to rescue a Squadron-Commander who had been shot down there but was uninjured. Whilst taking off after the rescue, an attack was made by twelve Messerschmitts. In company with his squadron this officer has shot down fifteen Messerschmitts

FLYING-OFFICER JOHN LAWRENCE ALLEN ALSO RECEIVES THE D.S.O.: In company with another aircraft this officer escorted Leathart's trainer aircraft to Calais. Allen, and the other aircraft, engaged the twelve attacking Messerschmitts, shot down three and badly damaged a further three. This officer, two days earlier, had engaged thirty Junker 88's which were bombing Calais: he badly damaged one

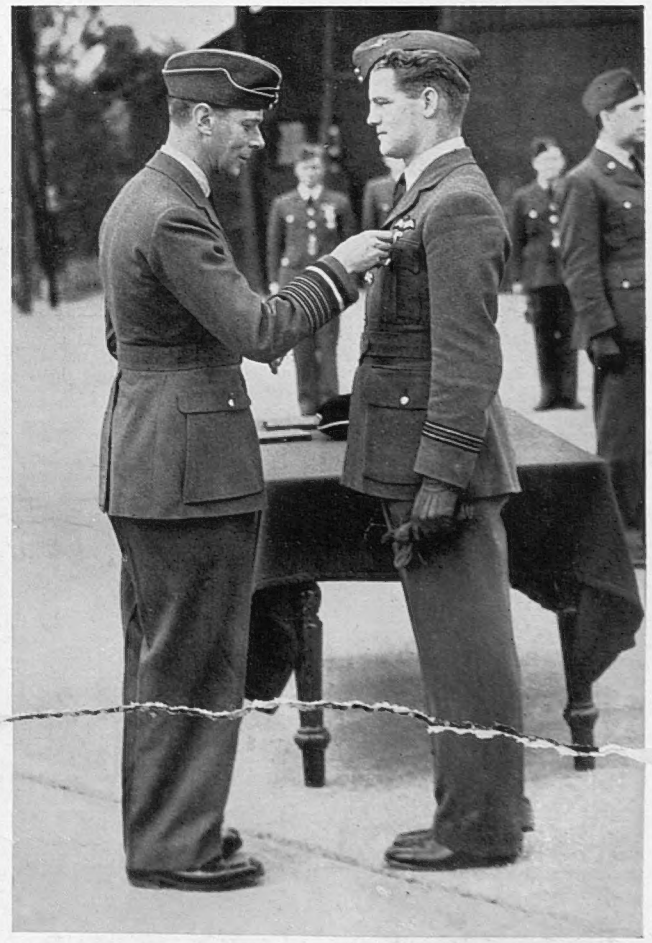
D.S.O. AND D.F.C. FOR SQUADRON-LEADER JOSEPH R. KAYLL: This officer's inspiring training and leadership has enabled his squadron to destroy thirty-two enemy aircraft; he himself has destroyed nine. His squadron responded to every call and in particular made several important and dangerous reconnaissances

THE D.F.C. FOR PILOT-OFFICER DOUGLAS HAMILTON-GRICE: This officer arrived back at his aerodrome just in time to be decorated by the King after an actual encounter with the enemy. Pilot-Officer Grice displayed great courage and determination in attacks on enemy aircraft and has destroyed at least six

THE KING WITH HIS AIRMEN—WORDS OF CONGRATULATION AND ENCOURAGEMENT FOR OFFICERS AND NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS. HIS MAJESTY CHATS TO A SERGEANT-PILOT AT ONE OF THE FOUR AERODROMES VISITED DURING HIS TOUR OF FIGHTER STATIONS

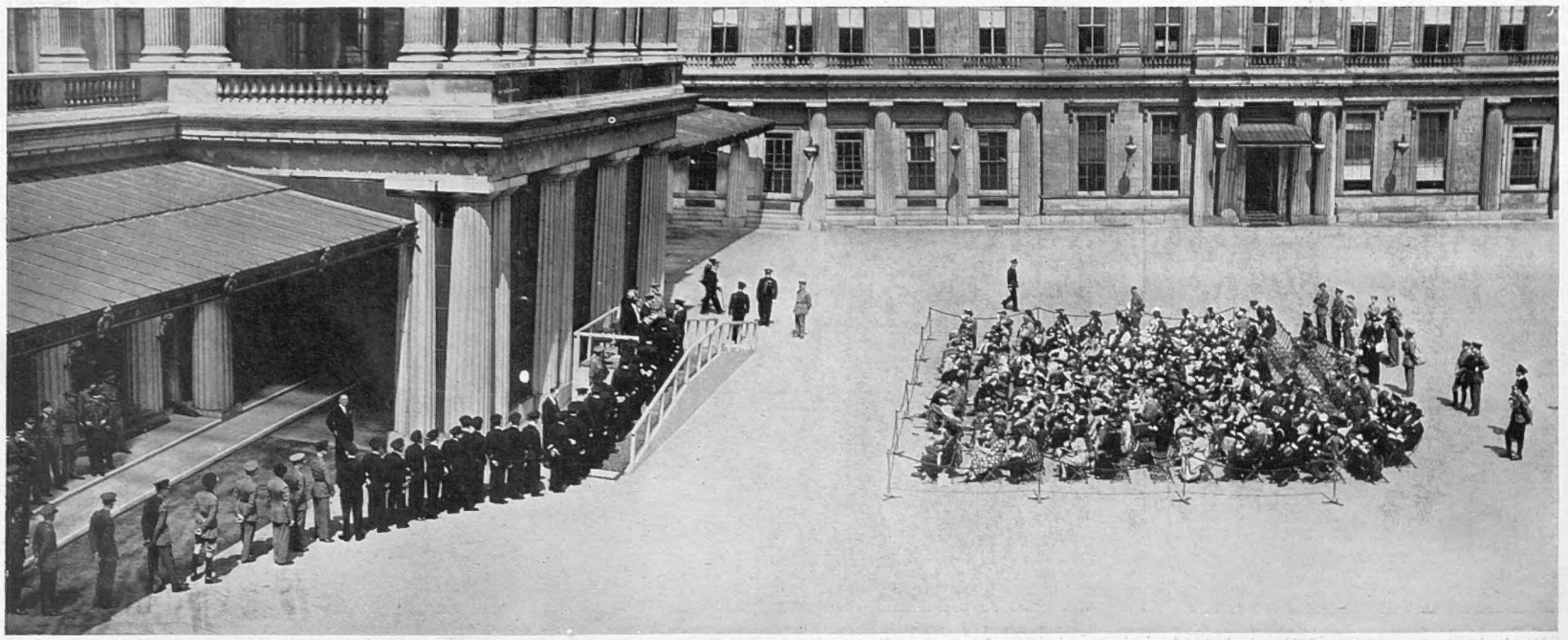


THE D.S.O. AND D.F.C. FOR FLIGHT-LIEUTENANT RICHARD HUGH ANTHONY LEE: This officer has had a long career in this war since its opening in France. In his last engagement he was seen flying at 200 ft. on the tail of a Junkers 89, being subjected to intense fire from the ground over enemy-occupied territory. After being forced down behind the German lines, he was arrested—but escaped, "and upheld the highest traditions of the Service." He is described as having displayed great ability as a leader and an intense desire to engage the enemy. Flight-Lieutenant Lee and Squadron-Leader Kayll are the first men in this war to receive two decorations at the same time



THE D.F.C. FOR PILOT-OFFICER ALAN CHRISTOPHER DEERE: Born in New Zealand, and 22 years of age, this officer is well known in Service boxing. He was associated with Squadron-Leader Leathart and Flying-Officer Allen in rescuing a Squadron-Commander from Calais Marck aerodrome where he had been shot down. In the course of engagements Pilot-Officer Deere has personally shot down five enemy aircraft and also assisted in the destruction of others

THE KING HOLDS OPEN-AIR INVESTITURE AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE



THE GENERAL SCENE IN THE GREAT QUADRANGLE OF THE PALACE ON TUESDAY: In the pleasant atmosphere of an open-air function the King held an investiture. In front was a roped-in enclosure where relatives sat. On the left can be seen the line of 120 recipients of decorations—officers of the three fighting services; the Merchant Navy, and civilians

TOOK COMMAND OF H.M.S. "HARDY": Paymaster-Lieut. Stanning who took command of the destroyer at Narvik after her commander had been mortally wounded. He is seen leaving the Palace after receiving the D.S.O.

WON THE MILITARY CROSS AT DUNKIRK: Second-Lieut. Anthony Irwin, Essex Regiment, who won his distinction for showing great coolness and resource at Dunkirk, is here seen with his mother

ANOTHER NARVIK DECORATION: Surgeon-Lieut. K. W. Donald leaving Buckingham Palace after receiving his D.S.C. for gallantry in H.M.S. *Hotspur* during the first battle of Narvik

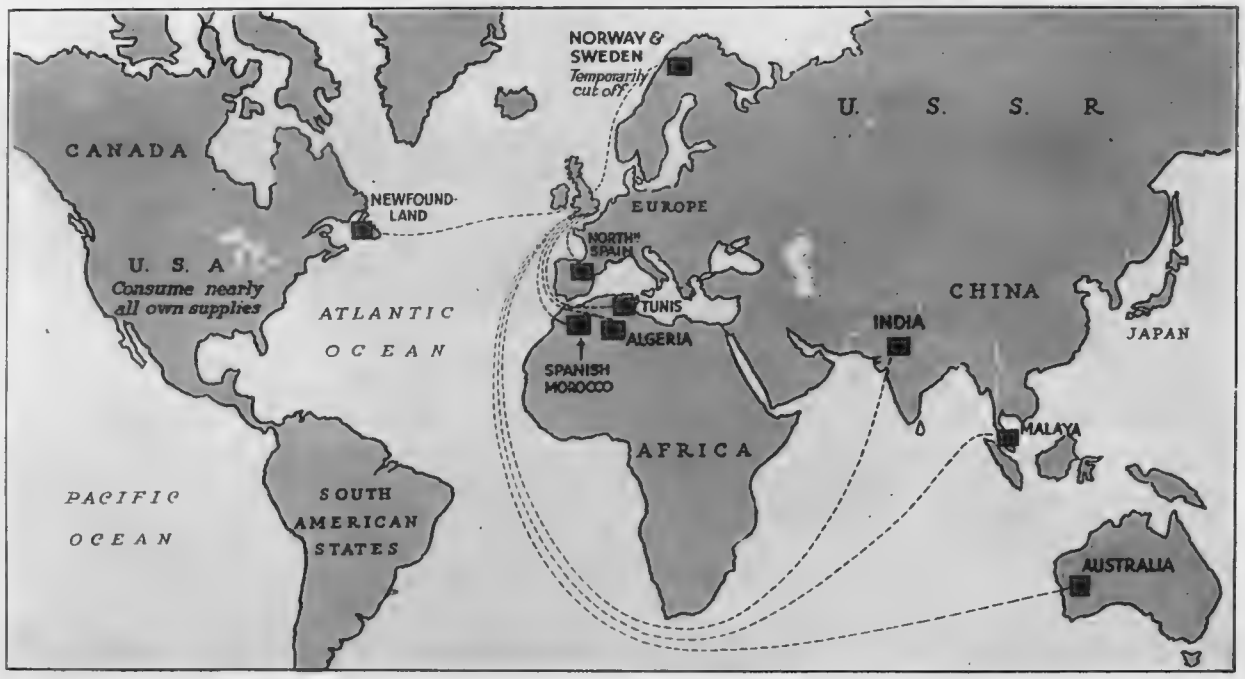
A DECORATION FOR A DISTINGUISHED REGIMENT: Captain Anthony Head of the Life Guards was awarded the Military Cross. *On left*—Skipper James Mugridge received the Distinguished Service Cross for his minesweeping work

A BRIGADIER RECEIVES THE D.S.O.: Brigadier Dennis Furlong leaving the Palace with his wife after he had received the insignia of the Distinguished Service Order. Mrs. Furlong also served in France with her unit

WHENCE COMES OUR IRON ORE?

The Extent to Which Our Own Supplies Have to Be Met From External Sources

By EDWIN H. JUDD



WHERE THE 6,000,000 IMPORTED TONS OF IRON ORE USUALLY COME FROM: The black squares indicate the location of iron ore districts from which we have usually drawn our external supplies. Canada has been getting the bulk of its ore from Newfoundland but has iron ore deposits in the Algoma district in Sault Ste. Marie; estimated reserve 100,000,000 tons

IN this super-mechanical war, with its warships and merchant vessels, its tanks, munitions and guns absorbing millions of tons of steel, the question of the iron and steel supplies is of paramount importance. Where does it all come from, and where are the sources of our own supplies? The U.S.A. is now considerably the largest producer of iron ore, but is also such a big user that she exports very little. France came next, having an annual output of some 30,000,000 tons, though not of the highest grade. About 95 per cent. of France's wealth in this product is centred round Metz, Nancy and Briey, just south of Luxembourg and the Saar basin.

Before the war much of this was exported to Germany and Belgium but now Hitler will plunder it all for munitions and tanks. About three-quarters of France's output of iron and steel was produced in this area, which before the last war was part of Germany, and now again is in Germany's possession. Another centre is around the famous Le Creusot works in East Central France, also carefully included in German-occupied France. The next largest natural producer of iron ore is the U.S.S.R., but here again that country has been consuming so much for her own needs that little gets exported.

The prominence and importance of Sweden in the iron ore world, with an annual output of 13,000,000 to 14,000,000 tons, is that she is able to export about 90 per cent. of it; and also that Swedish ore has the highest iron content, being from 60 to 70 per cent. Her enormous iron ore mountains in the north form a reserve equal to about 11 per cent. of the total reserves in Europe. Of Sweden's total exports for the three years prior to the war, Germany took between 63 and 70 per cent., while Britain had about 15 per cent., amounting to an average of 1,750,000 tons. These quantities represented respectively about 40 per cent. of Germany's total imports, and 25 per cent. of our own imports of this mineral. Now Germany will get what is available via the Port of Lulea until October.

Our own annual consumption of iron ore is about 16,000,000 tons, of which over 6,000,000 tons has to be imported. Our sources of supply have been Sweden and Norway (now both temporarily cut off), north Spain (now very close to German-occupied France), Algeria, Tunis and Spanish Morocco, while smaller quantities came, or would be available, from India, Australia, British Malaya and Newfoundland.

With even 25 per cent. of our normal supplies cut off, and with all the other material available from still accessible sources, why then should we have to pull up our iron railings and collect all forms of scrap iron and steel?

On top of the 6,000,000 tons of iron ore imported, we also took in another 1,000,000 tons of steel scrap, and 500,000 tons of pig-iron, all required for producing steel. One reason for this economy is that this represents a total of between 7,000,000 and 8,000,000 tons of material to be brought by ships from distances ranging between 1,000 and 3,000 miles. Allowing, say, 5,000 tons as an average shipload, this would mean about 1,600 ship-voyages in the year. The number of voyages, and corresponding reduction in ships employed, which could be made in the year depends on the varying distances and is subject to war delays and difficulties of convoy.

Incidentally, while speaking of shipping, one continually sees published enormous figures of so many millions of tons of shipping belonging to us and our Allies. But it must be remembered that, for ocean-going traffic, there is nothing like the tonnage quoted. The fact is that more than half of the total number of steamers and motor ships recorded in Lloyd's Register are of less than 1,000 tons each. Taking ocean-going tonnage of over 4,000 tons, and not more than twenty-five years old, Britain's share is relatively higher than that of other nations, which is all to our good.

The appetite of the huge steel furnaces is enormous, and the need for all to contribute their share, whether it be park railings or garden chains, derelict cars or pots and pans, requires us to pile up the scrap heap and thereby turn these waste materials into war products.

THE AMOUNT OF IRON ORE ANNUALLY CONSUMED BY OUR IRON AND STEEL INDUSTRY: A large proportion of the 16,000,000 tons, of course, comes from our own iron ore deposits. Some 6,000,000 tons of ore have in the past been imported from various ore fields, some not now accessible

SUPPLEMENTING THE IRON ORE SUPPLIES BY SCRAP IRON: Scrap iron can be a very useful adjunct to the iron ore supplies, for it must be remembered that the heavy railings and so forth which are collected are the metal itself and not the bulky ore

A SPANISH SOURCE OF IRON ORE: Spain in certain districts is rich in iron ore, particularly in the Bilbao area. The above view shows a part of the great Luchana iron ore mines. Bilbao is the largest of the Basque towns and owes its financial importance to the proximity of the iron mines already mentioned and to the smelting works and foundries

FRANCE'S GREAT COLONIAL EMPIRE

A First Survey of the Varied Lands and Peoples She has Controlled During all the Previous Vicissitudes of Europe

THE GREAT SAHARAN BLOC—This scene at Colom Bechar is typical of hundreds of Arab towns under French control in an area of millions of square miles of desert. *Below* is Timbuktu in the southern territory

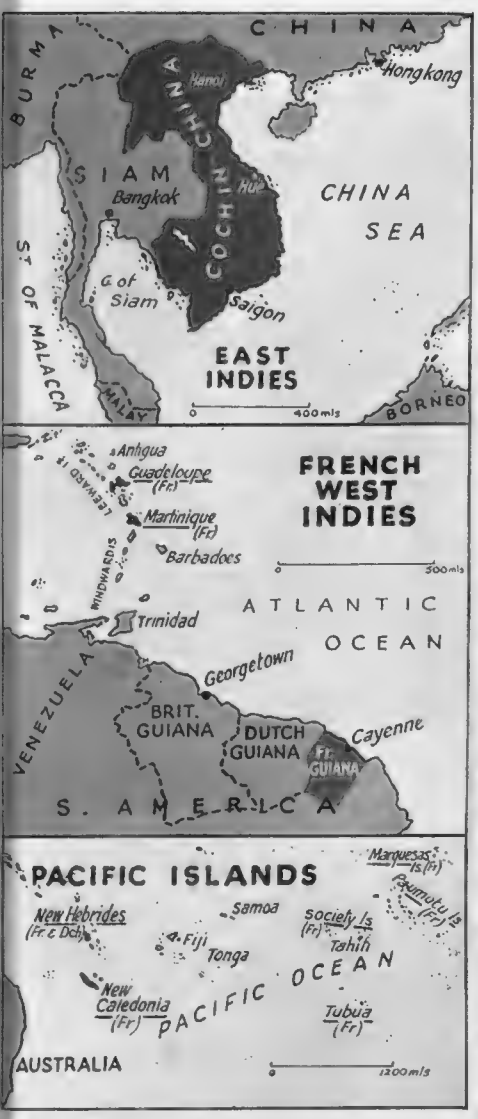
The Great Bloc Africain, Madagascar and Syria—French West Africa covered the enormous area of desert, fertile valleys and oases, which is here shown by a darker grey tone. It included Tunisia, Algeria, Morocco, Senegal, French Guinea, Ivory Coast, Dahomey, Cameroons and the French Congo. To the south-east lay the large island of Madagascar. Farther north is, or was, French Somaliland and to the north-east the mandatory area of Syria

TUNISIA—The 45,000 square miles of Tunisia had prospered greatly under French rule, so much so that it became the home of numerous Italian immigrants who settled there. Their contribution to the general well-being and contentment of the colony was offset by a considerable amount of political agitation

INDO-CHINA—These Far Eastern territories were acquired by France since 1887. The three chief cities are Saigon, Hué and Hanoi. A number of native peoples were administered by France with the easy colonial way they had. Recently, trouble with Japan had loomed up concerning war traffic to Chungking on the railway running northwards to Yunnan

SYRIA—France at the conclusion of the Great War was very determined to hold Syria: this line of procedure did not facilitate the settlement with the Arabs who had fought for liberation from the Turks. A year or so ago France expressed a desire to shed her Syrian responsibilities. Above is a scene in Damascus

CAMEROONS—A rich agricultural part of West Africa, occupying the north-west side of the great central plateau. After the Great War the territory was divided between France and Great Britain, the British section being a narrow strip adjacent to Nigeria. The chief sea port is Duala, which does a considerable trade



France's Possessions in the East Indies, the West Indies and the Pacific—In addition to the great African territory, France controlled Indo-China, French Guiana and West Indian Islands and in the Pacific she had under her control a large number of islands, some of which are shown above. Their ultimate fate, in fact the fate of all the territories here shown, is on the knees of the gods

ALGERIA—This outstanding overseas possession of France was the one most thoroughly penetrated by French influence and culture. It was, in fact, regarded as an integral part of France and returned members to Parliament

WESTERN MOROCCO—Westwards from Algeria, France had extended her influence steadily through the mountainous districts of Morocco. *On the left* is the new white town at Rabat. *Above* is a view of the new mosque at Dakar

ALGERIA

In addition to the chief city of Algiers, the territory boasted of another considerable city, Constantine. A notable feature of the place is the gorge, which is spanned by the big viaduct shown in the above view. Constantine could show the usual amenities of a French town of this size: there was a distinct Jewish quarter

LOCAL DEFENCE ENTHUSIASM

All Classes and Walks of Life Rally to the Task

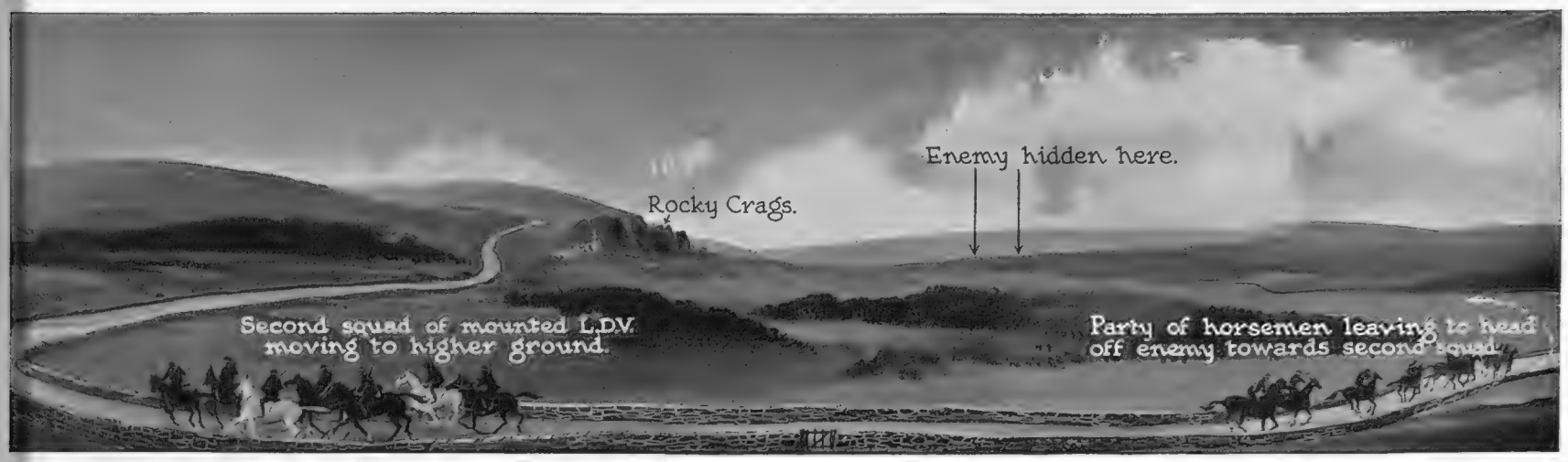
A SERGEANT INSTRUCTOR GIVES TECHNICAL INFORMATION: He was explaining just what the bolt mechanism can do and cannot do when this picture was taken a few days ago at the rifle ranges. Both these volunteers were wearing the L.D.V. brassard

MOTOR CYCLISTS RALLY TO A CALL IN CHESHIRE: There was a hearty response to the chief constable of the county's appeal for motor cyclist dispatch riders. They are here seen signing on at tables erected in the open. It is a type of service which will evidently be very popular

ON THEIR WAY TO THE TRAINING GROUND: These Berkshire men are all L.D.V.s who are getting instruction from the O.T.C. students of a Berkshire college. The men had not received their uniforms when this march took place. It is important that every district should have its trained body of Local Defence Volunteers however remote it may seem

O.T.C. TEACHES THE L.D.V.: An interesting case of one particular local body helping another is that in which the Officers' Training Corps of a Berkshire college give instruction to a local company of defence volunteers. All the O.T.C. were looking very slick and military-like with rifle on shoulder

PARASHOTS MASS UP AT THE RANGES FOR TRAINING: A visit to a properly-equipped rifle range cannot fail to be stimulating to the local volunteers. They were firing with expert "old hands" helping them with word and action. It was a scene to make a parachutist think twice if he had witnessed these men rolling up from their various districts and taking their places in efficient fashion as their turn at the butts came round. The volunteers were evidently drawn from all classes of society



THE USEFULNESS OF THE MOUNTED MAN IN ROUNDING UP PARACHUTISTS: A mounted L.D.V. is a very useful adjunct to the home defences, particularly in certain types of country. He can see well from his raised position and can travel straight across country if necessary towards the enemy. Here two parties are presumed to be undertaking an encircling movement in moorland country where wide distances might have to be traversed in rounding up air invaders

The national response to the L.D.V. movement has been remarkable for its widespread character and the intensity of feeling underlying the outward signs of drills, practices and marches. It is evident that the Government has here an assurance of the determination of the people to resist invasion at all costs

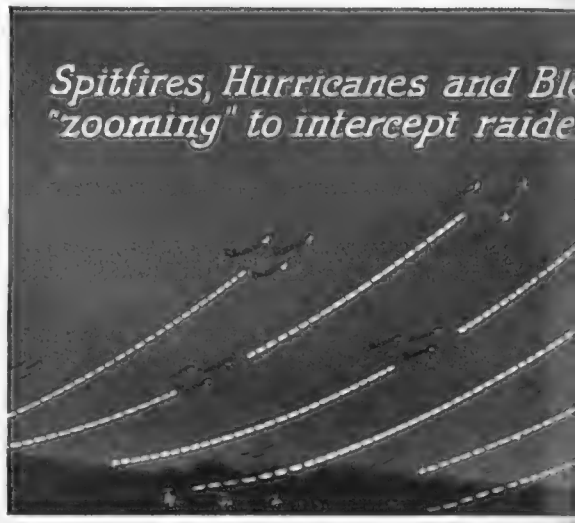
MOUNTED MEN MEET TO PRACTISE AND DISCUSS TACTICS WITH CYCLIST CORPS: Open moorland country presents its own problems, and these mounted men will be extremely useful. They can work in conjunction with message-conveying cyclists

THE STOCK EXCHANGE WANT TO TAKE THEIR PART: Recruits to the Stock Exchange Cadet Company are receiving their training without delay. Since its formation in 1926 this company has become famous all over the world, for over 1,000 cadets have left to join the Territorials or one of the regular services

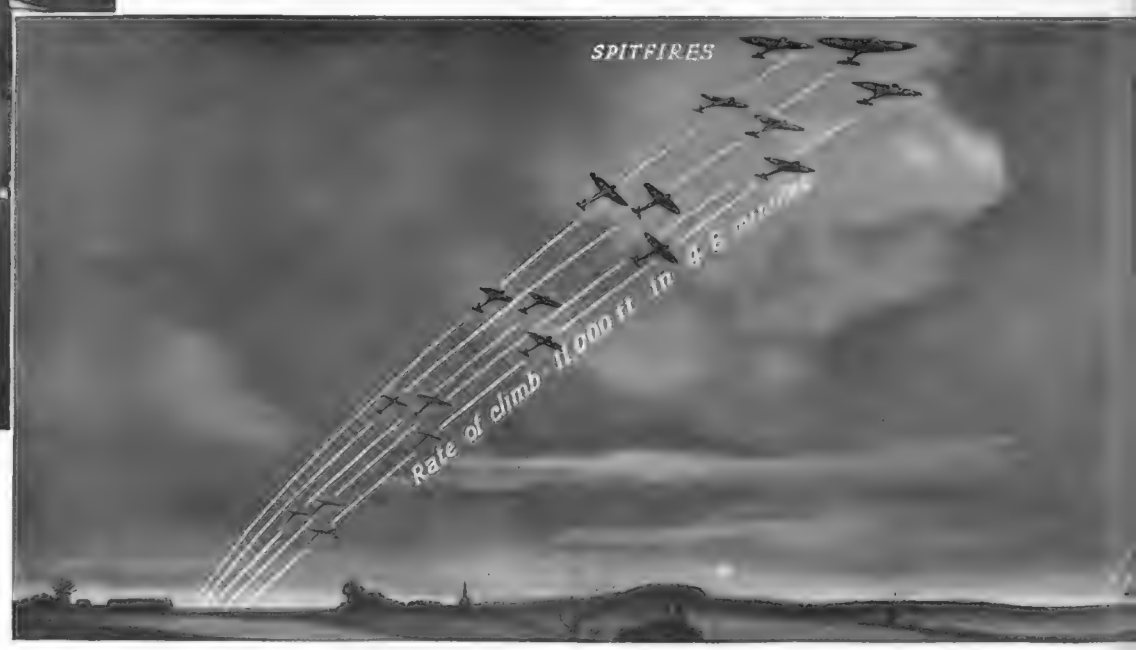
THE B.B.C. HAS ITS L.D.V.s: Stuart Hibberd (Chief Announcer) is one of many receiving instruction in rifle firing. Scores of notable figures are to be seen in uniform in the vicinity of the B.B.C.'s western headquarters practising with the greatest enthusiasm

NEW RECRUITS JOIN THE L.P.T.B. RIFLE CLUB: This efficient club is rapidly expanding its membership. They pour in from bus, tram and railway staffs. Already 12,000 men are under instruction during working hours. *On left*—Eton College has formed its own L.D.V. force. They are here seen marching to an inspection ground

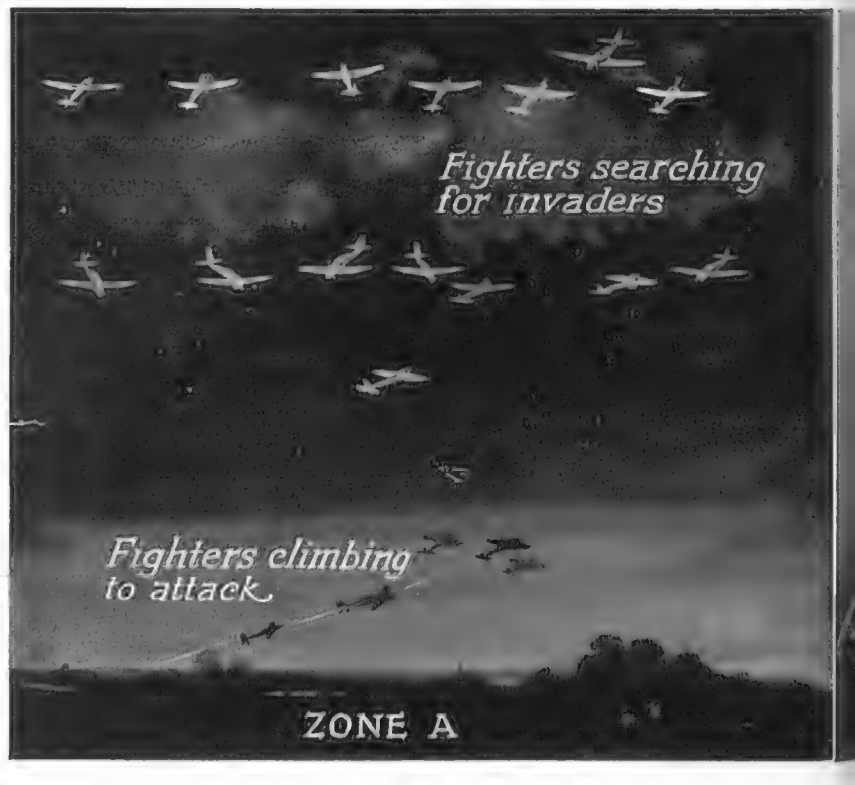
TIME FACTORS WHICH INFLUENCE THE INVADER: The enemy bombing squadron likes to take off in some sort of light. It may therefore find it desirable to start on its fell journey not from the nearest point to its objective, but some distance away, so that it can make a start in the dusk, climb gradually to a desired height and then set out for the desired destination. It gets over the invaded country when night has fallen and seeks out its objectives. The darkness shields it but often prevents it finding and damaging the vital spots it is seeking. Sometimes a bomber pilot completely loses his way. When the time limit is reached or the defence is too hot for the squadron, it sets out for its own base, arriving there, minus casualties, in the dawn



PRACTISED IN NIGHT FLYING: An R.A.F. fighter pilot stepping into his fleet and powerful chariot, which he rides alone. He is already not unskilled in the task which now lies before him, and the fierce school of conflict will gradually perfect that skill



THE ASTONISHING SPEED AT WHICH FIGHTERS CAN CLIMB: It is, of course, essential that the night fighters should be able to get to the battle level as rapidly as possible when the approach of invaders is signalled. It is surprising to find that Spitfires can climb at the rate of 11,000 ft. in 4·8 mins. and that Hurricanes can zoom up to 10,000 ft. in 4·1 mins. The variable pitch propeller assists this, and to attain a special burst of speed the engine can be "boosted up"



IT is inevitable that as night raids by bombers continue and increase, the public will hurry eagerly to their early editions of the evening papers or the early wireless bulletins to discover how many of the raiders have been brought down. And it is equally certain that there will be surprise in the varying numbers of losses reported; some nights a "good bag" and other nights, it may be, a blank.

There are so many factors to be taken into account in anti-aircraft defence, that not only must every raid, or section of a raid, be considered as an individual action, but some of the factors themselves vary from hour to hour during a raid (weather conditions for example). I want to limn a general picture so that readers may have an up-to-date background against which they can fill in their own details.

In the early days of the war, when large-scale air raids loomed big on the horizon, there was little practical knowledge to work on, and theorists were allowed to air their views at length. The pros and cons of our defences were discussed publicly with a freedom which is now obviously impossibly foolish. Matters on which last November I wrote with freedom are now, under the changed conditions, taboo; then they had the blessing of the Air Ministry. Though I have learned by experience to avoid mentioning anything which might be of even remote value to the enemy, I could have fallen into a trap while preparing this article. "How far," I asked, "can a . . . ?" etc. The official raised a horrified eyebrow. "If the Germans knew that," he said, and I realised the implications. And yet it was a question you might hear under discussion in any club, pub, or office. In fact, careless talk about air raids is going to be of the most dangerous kind. I shall not be surprised if enemy losses are not soon announced merely in numbers, with no details of locality or how they were brought down, both of which must reveal something of area defence strength. Knowledge merely that ten of their aircraft have failed to return must have an adverse moral effect. Colleagues in the German Air Force would in a succeeding raid have the feeling of flying into the semi-unknown, and not knowing what to expect.

Weather conditions play an even more important part in night raids than they do by day. At the very beginning of the war all mention of weather forecasts, of temperatures and winds was banned. Advance knowledge of what weather conditions to expect is invaluable to a raiding force. The accuracy of the service of our meteorological experts to the R.A.F. has contributed largely to the success of our consistent raids over Germany. The German Air Force, on the other hand, nickname their experts "the false prophets."

Great Britain, as a whole, has an average of 50 per cent. cloud even in summer, which helps to hide objectives, but provides invaluable cover for attackers. No searchlight will penetrate

THE NIGHT FIGHTER

Some of the Problems of Air Defence by Night which he is Gallantly Tackling. Specially Illustrated for this Section

Described by
NOEL THOMPSON

O O O

THE ESSENTIAL FACTOR OF SUCCESSFUL NIGHT DEFENCE: The late Major-General E. B. Ashmore, Commander of the London Air Defence Area during the latter half of the Great War, maintained that to make air defence really so effective against an enemy that he will give up his attempts, one must perfect the night fighting plane so that it takes a toll which the enemy cannot endure. He did not minimise the land co-operation but the fighter plane was to be the spearhead which would fatally pierce the enemy's armour

a cloud and reveal an enemy plane, and defending fighters are equally handicapped. If they do make contact at night a bomber can be lost so easily by disappearing into a cloud, if even for a few seconds, before reappearing a few hundred yards away out of sight in the darkness of night.

Needless to say that a fighter, above the roar of his own engine, can hear nothing of the enemy.

Nevertheless, as one pilot pointed out to me, and he had had recent experience, a cloud can give away an enemy, and that is when there is also a bright moon. Then you may see the enemy silhouetted in the moonlight from some distance and may be able to get into position for an attack. As for finding the enemy by the flashes from the exhaust of his aeroplane, that is almost a fallacy. It would be like diving into a large and muddy pond to find a silver coin and happening to get so near that a tiny glint caught your eye, only probably to be lost again before you had time to turn round. Remember, as I shall point out again, the vastness of the sky.

Cloud has one other hampering effect, especially if it is in a deep and solid stratus, and that is of damping down the sound of aeroplane engines. And sound plays a vital part. If the silent raider was ever invented I wonder what counter would be produced?

Let us trace quickly the route taken by the sound of the engines of enemy bombers approaching our coasts until it reaches our defence fighters in the form of direct orders.

First to catch the distant roar of engines are the Observer Corps at their listening posts in their thousands, and the defences with the sound locators, those amazing instruments with their paraboloids, or "ears," that make Dopey's appear like warts. The human ear can differentiate sound coming from the right or left to within 30,000ths of a second unaided. And it is the human ear which tunes the sound locator until the sound is balanced—that is equal in volume in either ear of the listener. When that is so the searchlight, which is electrically connected with the locator and moves in exact accord, should be dead on the mark.

But even while the searchlight is being directed, the defence pilots will be in their cockpits and taking off. Reports from observation posts will have flashed to report centres, been checked and passed on to the sector of Fighter Command and to Headquarters. The pilots will have orders as to the plotted course of the enemy approach, where he has crossed, or is likely to cross, the coast, and his height so far as can be judged.

The sky is a vast place, but the pilot must try in the dark to forget the fact. He has to plot his own course to meet the enemy, calculating his own speed and the estimated speed of the attacker. He has to combat the height problem, which may vary between 1,000 and 30,000 ft. Looking for a needle in a haystack is a poor simile. An electric eel in an ocean is nearer the mark.

(Continued on following page)

On left — HOW ZONES FOR FIGHTING PLANES AND AREAS FOR ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUN ACTIVITY WERE PLANNED IN 1917–18: In the latter part of the Great War, General Ashmore organised a system of control so that fighting planes could operate against invaders within certain special limits, thereby minimising the risk of our own planes being shot at by the anti-aircraft batteries. They in turn had areas in which they could operate to the fullest extent against the enemy

A SINGLE-SEATER SUPERMARINE SPITFIRE ON NIGHT PATROL OVER AN EASTERN COUNTY: In the first night raid over England in the early hours of Wednesday, June 19, raiders flew over the eastern counties of Essex, Suffolk, Cambridge, and Lincolnshire. The enemy chose a moonlit night for his first raid; visibility was so good on this occasion that our artist was able to secure the fine impression he has here depicted

(Continued from preceding page)

But the airman has four friends, the searchlights, the tracer shells, star shells and flaming onions. If he sees a group of searchlights gradually concentrating their beams on one area, he will make for that. It may be a single aeroplane decoy, but it may be a flight of bombers that has been located. If the searchlights can find their object, every second that they can hold it in their beams is of immense value. A fighter can travel at over 150 yards a second, so that even a fraction of a second may be the means of allowing the pilot time to get in a deadly burst. Split second flying and firing is the description. Star shells and flaming onions may allow again seconds of clear view of the enemy bombers, but the fighter is in danger himself from his own anti-aircraft fire and must wait his chance. Meanwhile fighter squadrons stationed farther inland have taken off. By wireless they are in constant touch with the ground and receive instructions on the route, height, speed, of the attackers, and prepare to intercept them. Is it possible to visualise a more difficult game of blind man's buff? And yet in that recent German raid seven aeroplanes were caught and blown out of the sky, of which five fell to our defence fighters.

LACK OF WEATHER KNOWLEDGE MAY PERPLEX INVADERS: Climbing high into upper currents of air travelling eastwards, the enemy may be experiencing clear starlit skies, but as he advances over England he may find that a lower stratum is becoming filled with cloud. This may mean that all his objectives are lost to view if the clouds are thick and continuous and thus precision in bombing becomes almost impossible. Against this, it is not so easy to hear the invader's engines

BRITAIN'S AIR DEFENCE BY NIGHT

The Night Fighter's Problems and How He is Tackling Them

Drawn by Roland Davies

Compare that with the fact that no German fighter has brought down a British bomber at night during our hundreds of raids over Germany.

I have not in this article dealt with the most important defence against night raids, the anti-aircraft fire. That is a subject on its own and we can trust ours to keep the enemy at such a height and so worried that accurate bombing on vital points is virtually impossible. But there is one other point which has been raised. Why not fit fighters with a searchlight of their own?

The Germans have already experimented with this idea on their Messerschmitt 110 fighter and our experts are not napping so far as this is concerned. Clearly such a searchlight would give a good gun-sight, would light up the enemy, and would temporarily blind his air gunners.

But the objections are that it would be only necessary for the enemy air gunner to wear coloured goggles to have a perfect beam along which to fire back, and any other enemy aircraft in the vicinity, whether fighter or bomber, would have an equally good mark. And these objections apply more strongly if the fighter with a searchlight had to flash it all over the sky, revealing his position, while trying to find the bomber. Otherwise it boils down to the original difficulty of first finding your enemy—before the searchlight can be used; and it is doubtful if the extra weight it would involve would justify it.

And so the hide and seek in the sky must continue. We can trust our defences to do everything possible. We can trust our R.A.F. The least we can do is to do *our* share.

Here is the comment of one pilot to me: "It is heartbreaking for all of us to read after a raid that people have been killed because they did not take shelter. And to hear in clubs people laughing about how they tried to see something out of the window, or went out into the streets—well, it makes me see red. It's just playing up to the enemy."

It must be a source of great pride and gratification to the men of the searchlight batteries to know that the eight months during which they stuck to their posts, with no more deadly enemy than waves of boredom instead of bombers, were not in vain. I have talked with them on duty and on leave and there was not one who did not want to be up and doing. Some, who considered themselves lucky, were drafted abroad.

Drawn by Roland Davies

IN THE GRIP OF THE SEARCHLIGHT RAYS: The enormous increase in the power of the modern searchlight was fully described in "The Sphere" of April 27. Instead of the comparatively feeble beams of 1918 the night defence now has at its command rays of 800,000,000 candle power. The raiders have already felt the deadly grip of these rays, whether against a clear or cloudy background. On the night of the first raid, June 19, German bombers were gripped by the searchlights with fatal results to themselves

Now their chance has come and they have taken it with both hands. The assistance they have given to our defence fighters and their co-operation with the anti-aircraft batteries has proved of enormous value. Their patience and extra training has proved worth while. And their reward for hours of waiting, often in isolated posts, has been a public pat on the back for their fine work in the past fortnight from Fighter Command Headquarters.

On the north-east coast a fighter pilot declared that as soon as he saw a ring of lights he made for it. Right in the centre, as the ring closed, he found the enemy and in thirty seconds the bomber was on its way to earth, crashing in flames.

Drawn by Roland Davies

THE SINGLE TARGET FOR THE ATTACKING FIGHTERS: In many cases the combats have been single ones between bombers caught in the searchlight rays and a single fighter sitting on the tail of the invader. A machine of this type was shot down over an east coast county on the night of the first raid—on this occasion the victory went to a Blenheim—which, it must be emphasised, was originally designed as a bomber, although it has on occasion also been employed as a fighter

ANCIENT STRONG

Castles and Fortified Mansions of an Earlier Age Which Still Survive

ALNWICK CASTLE, THE FAMOUS NORTHUMBERLAND SEAT OF THE PERCYS: This huge pile, with its barbican, postern gate and battlements, lies but a short distance from the sea. It is full of memories of Hotspur and Otterburn. The family of Percy, ennobled as Dukes of Northumberland, has maintained the castle as a great house for many generations

THE GREAT NORMAN KEEP AT ROCHESTER: High above the river Medway rises the great square keep built by Bishop Gundulph (A.D. 1077)

A POWERFUL MOATED SUSSEX CASTLE: Bodiam is a good example of the perfectly moated fortress to which access is obtained only by means of a causeway and portcullis. The castle is still a commanding structure with an imposing gateway. It has been cleared of the ivy which once densely shrouded its massive stone walls

DATING FROM THE TIME OF EDWARD III: Maxstoke Castle, Warwickshire, still retains much of its ancient form, that of a parallelogram with a hexagonal tower at each corner. It is surrounded in picturesque fashion by a moat

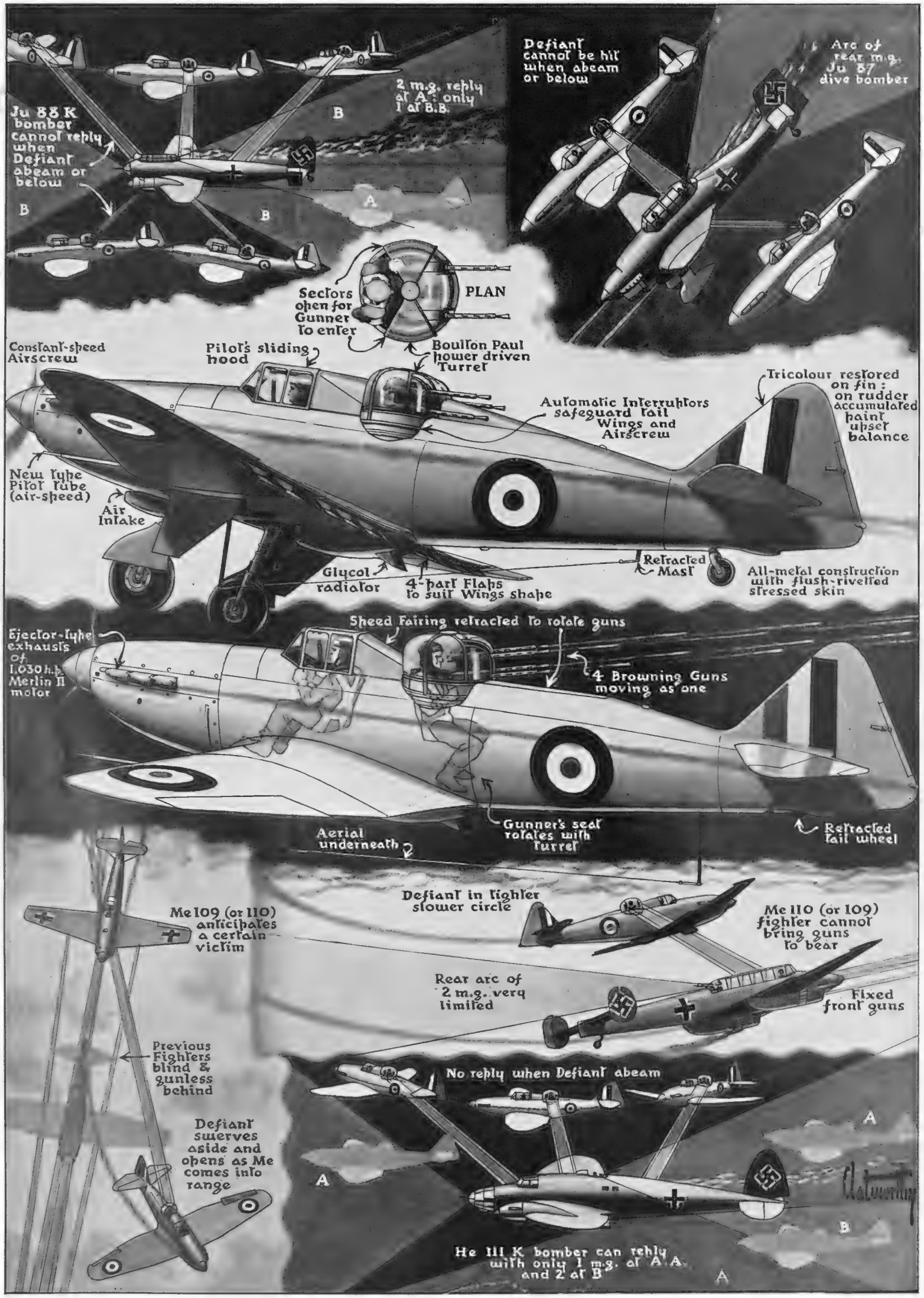
BUILT BY EDWARD I IN 1284: Conway Castle still remains a magnificent pile. It formed part of the general fortifications of the town of Conway. It was garrisoned for King Charles I in 1645 and was for a time commanded by Prince Rupert

POINTS of ENGLAND and WALES

HERSTMONCEUX, A BRICK CASTLE OF LATE ORIGIN: This famous pile rises above a moat amid some charming Sussex country. Herstmonceux signifies the wood of the Monceux, a name which apparently refers to some early owners. The Fiennes family long possessed Herstmonceux. It has recently been brought into a good state of repair. Two massive towers, 84 ft. high, flank the portal

A PRINCELY FORTRESS ON THE CREEK OF MILFORD HAVEN: It was at one time the scene of much medieval splendour, Sir Rhys ap Thomas living here in princely style. The castle is quadrangular in plan and several armorial bearings decorate the principal gateway. *On left*—Tantallon Castle, a ruined keep on the coast of Haddington facing the famous Bass Rock

ALLINGTON CASTLE, KENT, AS NOW RESTORED: Allington Castle lies on the left bank of the Medway just below Maidstone. It was once the residence of Sir Henry Wyatt who suffered the most varied fortunes, being imprisoned and racked by Richard III, released by Henry VII, and created a Knight of the Bath by Henry VIII. During late years it was almost completely restored by its recent owner, Sir Martin Conway, who had a passionate love for the place



Drawing by S. W. Clatworthy (Artist's Copyright in U.S.A.)

BRITAIN'S "DESTROYER OF THE AIR"

The Wonderful New "Defiant" —The First Published Details of Her Aerial Combat Tactics

Few planes can have been so misrepresented as has the Defiant, the first Squadron of which made such a sensational fighting debut in the fighting over the Dunkirk beaches. Performance figures have not been disclosed, but she is undoubtedly the fastest machine in the world of her class—the single-motor, two-seater fighter. A brief study of the tactical diagrams will show that greater relative speed would merely shorten the firing interval, the great length of which is a vital point in her clever tactical conception. She is a supplementary type to the 8-gun fighters. She can get close—wing-tip to wing-tip (the most devastating range)—and stay close till execution is complete. Details, except the prohibited structure, are given in the centre figures; the upper one in taking-off or landing condition, the lower in actual fighting. Top and bottom diagrams show duels with two Junkers types, two Messerschmitts, and a Heinkel, all of which the Defiant has bagged. The loss of the first element of surprise shown in the Me 109 duel would not turn the tables: it would develop as the Me 110 instanced. The Defiant could be avoided by faster fighters, but not by bombers; she must prove excellent in a dog-fight, and can replenish her guns in flight to the limit of ammunition carried

AND NOW WHAT?

Varied Tactics in the Air to Meet the New Situation

By CHARLES G. GREY (Founder of "The Aeroplane")

FRANCE has ceased to exist as a belligerent Power which can be of immediate help to us in the war. What may happen to or in the French Colonies in the future does not affect us now. But what does affect us is that much of the attack on this country will come from occupied French territory. During those seven months of Sitzkrieg, in which we have lost so many chances of building up our strength on land and in the air, people got the idea that because our bombers used to fly uninterrupted to Berlin and Hamburg and Stettin, and even to Prague and Vienna, dropping bomphlets, and because we in this country never saw anything more exciting than an occasional Dornier flying-boat or Heinkel float-plane (barring a few Heinkel and Dornier landplanes which used to go scouting over the Orkneys and Shetlands and the Firth of Forth looking for our main Fleet), the effective range of the rival air fleets could be measured in terms of those flights.

They thought that, because our machines, carrying only paper, and not too much of it, could do 700 miles out and 700 back, and because the Germans only did between 300 and 500 miles out-and-home, those distances were the operational ranges for the bomb raids of the future. Some said that if we filled our machines with bombs instead of paper we could do the same distances as the Germans and carry much bigger loads of bombs and so do much more damage.

That is true enough. Our bigger night-bombers do carry more than Heinkels or Dorniers, but not so much as to make a material difference to the amount of bombing they could do.

Others, when the Germans broke through into Holland and Belgium, began to fear that enemy bombing bases would be brought that much closer to this country, and so the Germans would be able to carry bigger loads in their raids on us. That is an equally wrong idea because the nearer to us are the bases from which the Germans start their bombers, the easier they are for our bombers to reach in return.

A much more important point is, that if the Germans try to use bases in Holland, Belgium or Northern France they bring themselves within reach of our high-speed fighters.

Bombing aerodromes is a fairly effective way of stopping raids from starting, but shooting up the machines and the quarters with multi-gun high-speed fighters is still more effective and terrifying. Moreover, our people can more easily find and destroy enemy bombers on the ground before they start, or when they are on the point of landing, than they can when they come over this side and are dispersed over the landscape at a great height.

When the Germans captured Norway, people who ought to have known better thought that they would acquire jumping-off places for raids on this country. As a matter of fact, no point in Norway is as near to any part of England as are a lot of aerodromes in Germany.

Actually the coast of Norway is nearer to the Shetland Islands and to the Orkneys than are the German aerodromes in Jutland to the coast of England, but there are no aerodromes up in that part of Norway from which bombers can start, unless the Germans choose to use float seaplanes or flying-boats. And these craft have already been proved inferior, not only to our first-class high-speed fighters but to coastal reconnaissance machines such as the Hudsons and Ansons.

The most serious fact at present is that the south coast of England, which was regarded as so much out of the way that a resident in the far west remarked "if they want to bomb us here they'll have to come by rail," is now just as open to attack as is any part of the east coast.

Land's End, in fact, is not out of range of German bombers starting from Jutland. It is only a little more than 500 miles. But if a German bomber had wanted particularly to bomb Land's End it would have had to fly 200 miles over England, or along the Channel, and would have been liable to attack at any moment on the way out or home. But now important West Country towns, such as Plymouth and Weymouth and Bristol and Cardiff, can be attacked by bombers starting from Nantes or Tours, which are just out of range of our normal high-speed fighters.

Naturally those towns are just as well within range of our bombers as any part of England is of bombers which start from those bases. But the Germans have an advantage in that if we bomb those bases we shall be damaging friendly property, whereas from those bases the Germans would be attacking enemy property.

On the other hand, when we attack bases in Germany we shall attack enemy property, and if civilians and their property get hurt in the process that is all in the normal course of war.

The chief fact which stands out is that our only means at the moment of hitting the enemy is with our bombers. Consequently, we do not want to waste our forces on blasting friendly territory. Our target ought to be the enemy's sources of supply. Bombing aerodromes from which raids start is only a palliative, like putting ointment on a boil instead of getting at the root of the matter.

That greatest of all commanders of air warriors, Viscount Trenchard, better known to his fervent followers as "Boom," has always held that if one is going to make war in the air the only proper policy is to "bomb the other fellow." The theory that with modern weapons the defence is impregnable has been burst for ever by the happenings in France.

For years whenever I have written on air war I have preached, till my readers may well have become sick of it, that defence is the first stage of defeat. And if we sit back in this island and defend ourselves, hoping thus to wear out the German attacking forces, we shall acknowledge ourselves as defeated. As Lord Trenchard has so often said, one does not win football matches by massing one's team round one's own goal. One may avoid being beaten on paper, but only a beaten team would play such a game. The offensive-defensive is the only sound game if one is driven temporarily to protect oneself.

Certainly nothing can be more offensive than our eight-gun fighters, which have done so well in France. But before we can win this war we shall have to launch the biggest bombing offensive in the air that the world has seen.

Opinions differ, as usual, among experts, about what is the best way to deliver that offensive. Some people want flying fortresses of the much-boosted American types, machines which can be brought down by one lucky shot from an air cannon or an anti-aircraft shell. The American scheme of flying so high that they cannot be reached by either sounds pretty on paper, but that sort of bombing is not going to get the target too often.

In years past I have argued in favour of one man, one machine, one bomb, with a fleet of defensive fighters to escort the bombers. On long raids naturally the bombers would be led by a navigating machine which would need a crew of two or three, and consequently would carry no bombs.

Those are the extremes of bomber policy. Conceivably the right answer may lie between the two.

Whatever the answer may be, what we want are bombers and bombers and bombers. And obviously the type of bomber which can be most quickly made in the greatest quantity is a better proposition from the production point of view than a flying battleship—especially as the big machine is as vulnerable as the little one and much easier to hit.

In attacking enemy bombers we have the advantage of having interior lines of communication and a small country to cover. If a mass attack were launched on our south of England points of military importance we could throw masses of fighters at the enemy from the midlands or the eastern counties, and even from the north. Similarly, if the Germans attacked from bases in Jutland, just behind Holland, they could be met on the east coast by the fighters from the south and west.

I emphasise the idea of mass attack because all these desultory raids of the past few weeks can be little more than reconnaissances. They seem to be sent rather to test our defences than to do serious military damage.

I had the good fortune to see a raider picked up in the eastern counties by our searchlights a week or two ago. I have never seen a prettier bit of work. They just handed him on a plate to the fighters, who brought him down a minute or two afterwards.

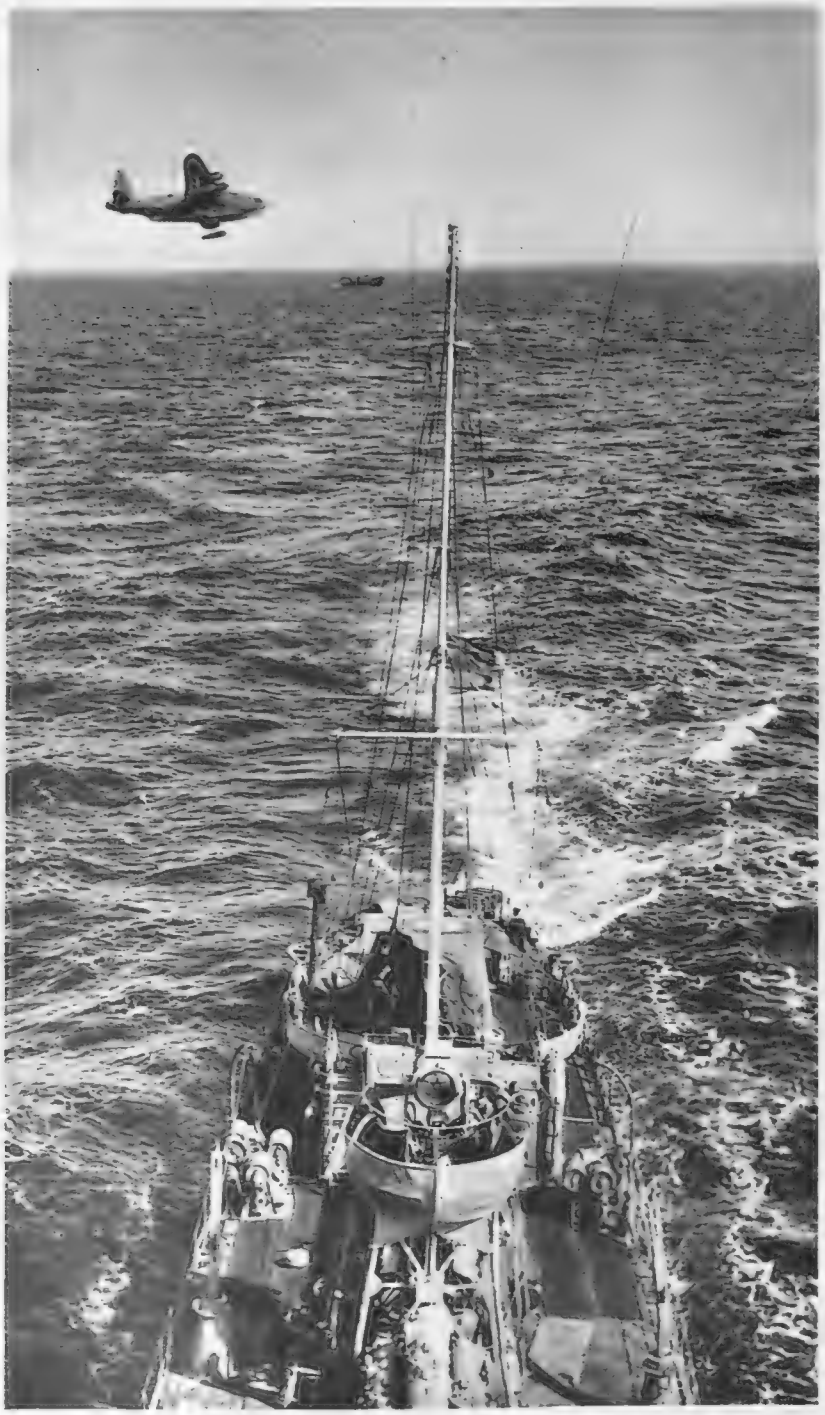
Lately I have been interested in stories of searchlights carried in aeroplanes which our bombers report having seen over Germany. None of these machines with lights has driven home an attack on our bombers, according to the communiqués. They may possibly be formation-leaders practising for attacks to be delivered by unlighted fighters coming from behind the searchlights, which will be used not so much to pick up our bombers as to dazzle our gunners.

This kind of attack was suggested by the Russian General Golovine in a paper which was read to a gathering of Air Force officers some two or three years ago. There is nothing new in it, and there are technical difficulties. But it is worth watching.

Drawn by Roland Davies

DRIVING OFF ELEVEN DORNIERS WITH ONE BREN GUN

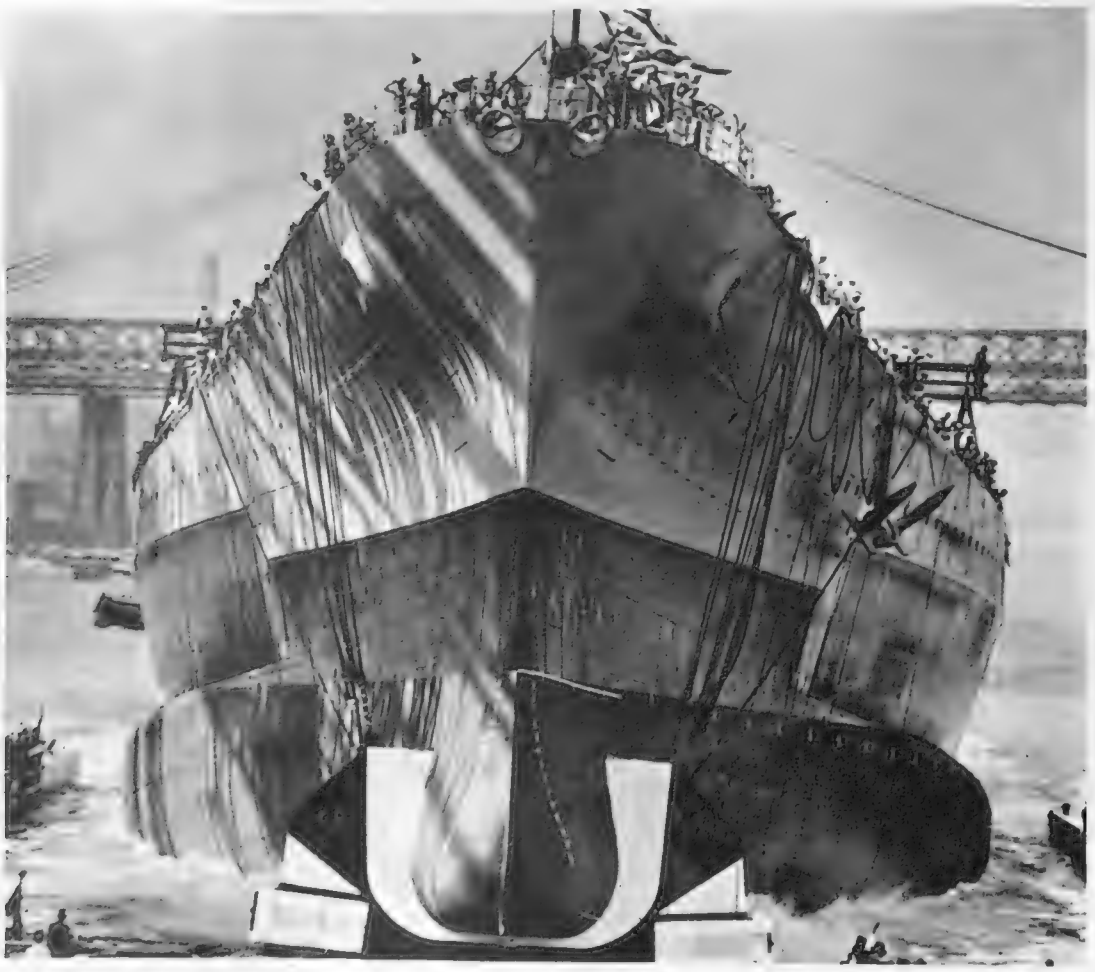
An epic action by Lance-Bombardier Thayer, a member of the B.E.F. in France, which was officially described as follows: At 6 a.m. on Sunday, May 11, eleven Dornier 215 aircraft flew at a height of about 50 ft. very near to the gun position at which this lance-bombardier was stationed. The aircraft appeared to be about to attack the gun site, since they were flying in line astern formation in the direction of the site. Although a burst of machine-gun fire came from one of the planes, and he was standing quite unprotected by any form of emplacement, Lance-Bombardier Thayer opened fire with his Bren gun. The approach of the aircraft was thereby turned away from the site, five planes flying away to one side and six to the other. He engaged each plane as it appeared, and one plane appeared to be hit a large number of times. By his exemplary conduct and coolness in action, Lance-Bombardier Thayer set a very fine example to the section and saved the gun site



A DESTROYER'S DAYTIME TASK

The work of guarding the convoys goes on amid all the distractions of operations farther afield. Here is the scene as viewed from the stern of a destroyer. A Sunderland flying-boat is also assisting in the work of watching air and water

B.E.F. STORES RESCUED FROM FRANCE ARE HERE SEEN SAFELY BACK IN A BRITISH PORT



ST. MALO DOCKS AND PETROL STORES DESTROYED: U.S. BATTLESHIP LAUNCHED IN BROOKLYN

Above is seen the smoke rolling away from the burning petrol stores at St. Malo. The dock gates also were destroyed before the British demolition party departed. *On left* is seen the United States' latest battleship, the 35,000-ton *North Carolina*, leaving the slipway at the New York Navy Yard, Brooklyn, the second new battleship to be launched within two weeks. The *North Carolina* is 716½ ft. long and will mount nine 16-in. guns on three turrets, twelve 5-in. and ten anti-aircraft guns. Designed to resist air attack, she has a deck armour of 10 ins.

PATROLLING BRITAIN'S COASTS: The Navy at Work—On Patrol and on Convoy: The Final Phases in France

Drawn for THE SPHERE *by Montague Dawson*

THE CEASELESS WATCH AND WARD OF THE NAVY BY NIGHT

All round the coasts of Britain, in fair weather and foul, the naval patrol vessels keep watch upon the waters surrounding this island. Navigation is a task for quick eyes and ears and a goodly proportion of sea instincts, but the work, strenuous as it is, is one which gives scope for the expression of all the qualities which the destroyer fleet possesses

THE NAVAL WATCH BY DAY

Just as the ceaseless watch continues at night, as shown in Mr. Montague Dawson's drawing above, so in daylight the same guard is maintained, but complicated by the added problem of air attention from the enemy. A feathering periscope may on these occasions add to the daytime activities of the fleet

BRITAIN'S ARMAMENTS INCREASING

In his review of the munitions and armament situation Mr. Herbert Morrison, the Minister of Supply, gave some remarkable figures of increases in output. The production of various types of tank has increased by 115 per cent., whilst other arms have been increasing by leaps and bounds. The pictures reproduced here were taken at an Army distributing centre, and show some of our latest tanks receiving their finishing touches. Our new policy in armament production is to eliminate over-elaboration of design and to aim at standardisation wherever possible. The importance of tanks in the possible event of invasion cannot be over-emphasised

AN IMPOSING ARRAY OF TANKS NEWLY COMPLETED AT THE DEPOT: These strongly built engines of war are more necessary than ever now; should the enemy invade these shores the tank will be a potent weapon in his destruction

COMPLETED TANKS READY FOR THEIR TRIALS AT A ROYAL ORDNANCE DEPOT: There is a most reassuring solidity about these massive tanks which shows that British workmanship still counts. Note the number and size of the guns

UNDERGOING TESTS OVER SOME ROUGH GROUND AT THE DEPOT. Each tank is given a thorough test after completion, and every part of its construction and armament is stressed under conditions approximating to those of active service

BRITAIN'S AIRCRAFT DESIGNERS ARE ALSO GOING AHEAD

THE NEW TORPEDO-BOMBER NOW BEING SUPPLIED TO THE FLEET AIR ARM, THE "ALBACORE": The intensification of Britain's armament effort is exemplified in the above picture: the "Albacore," just introduced into the Fleet Air Arm, has the distinction of being the latest biplane type to be introduced into any of the British fighting services. It is a three-seat Fleet Spotter Reconnaissance aircraft which is now in full production for the Royal Navy. No details of this machine's performance are allowed by the authorities at present, beyond that it is fitted with the powerful Bristol "Taurus" engine of fourteen cylinders. The production of this new type at this moment is evidence of our determination to wage unremitting warfare against the enemy in every sphere of activity

THE LAST EVACUATIONS FROM FRANCE

WITH FULL KIT THE MEN LINE UP FOR DEPARTURE: The men took it as all in the day's work when they lined up on this French quayside to embark for Britain. It was all quite orderly, as you can see here, and the men cheerfully lit cigarettes as they awaited the order to embark for home and its defence

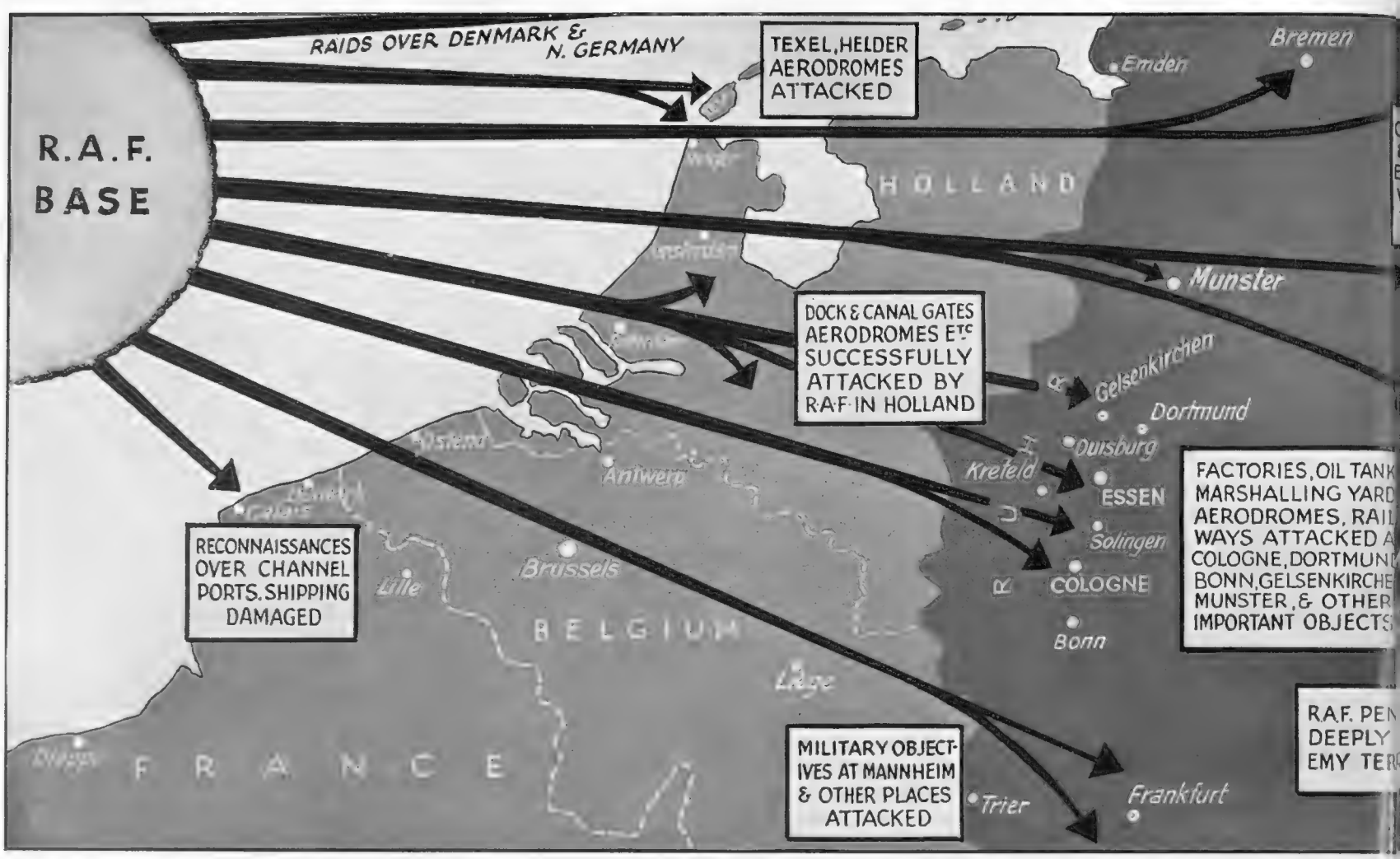
SOME FRENCH MARINES LEAVE WITH THE BRITISH: French marines are seen leaving the naval station of Brest, in Brittany, for this country

FINAL EMBARKATIONS AT ST. JEAN DE LUZ, IN THE SOUTHERN BAY OF BISCAY: The Canadian destroyer *Fraser*, seen at St. Jean de Luz, before she was lost in collision "in face of the enemy." Small Basque fishing boats are standing by full of refugees waiting to get aboard the steamer *Baron Nairn*, from which the picture was taken. The *Baron Nairn* was the last ship to take British subjects and other allied refugees from St. Jean de Luz

BURNING ESSENTIAL STORES AT BREST: French marines watching the destruction they had accomplished at Brest before the vessel bore them away to Britain. There was evidently little satisfaction in remaining ashore

YOU CARRY WHAT YOU CAN: Members of the last B.E.F. in France make the best of their way to the sea front. The life of the port is apparently continuing in an uncertain fashion

HELPED OVER THE SIDE: This picture visualises many a story which is being told of the rescue of British folk from France. After reaching the coast there was the anxious search for a vessel



THE LONG DISTANCE OFFENSIVE BY R.A.F. BOMBERS: In this diagrammatic view an impression is given of the persistent long distance offensive which the British air bombers have been maintaining against Western Germany where the essential war production works are concentrated. The main points attacked are within the area west of the Dutch and Belgian frontiers and a line stretching from Frankfort, through Cassel and Hanover, to Hamburg. Other points farther east have been reached. The German communiqués admitted the bombing of oil tanks at Hanover

THE STRAINED SITUATION IN THE FAR EAST: Following on the debacle of the French military resistance to the German invasion, the Japanese authorities "suggested" to the Pétain Government that the passage of war supplies to General Chiang Kai-shek via the Indo-China railway to Yunnan should cease. The Burma-Yunnan highway to which the Japanese authorities have also referred lies to the west. It is served by way of the Irrawaddy. The situation along the mainland borders of Hong Kong caused anxiety at the week-end, the Japanese advancing troops to the frontier

THE NEARNESS OF THE CHANNEL PORTS GIVES OPPORTUNITY FOR OBSERVATION: This key chart will give the reader an idea of the distances traversed from south-east England to points on the French coast. Calais and Boulogne are, for instance, just over 40 miles away

WITH the capitulation of France, Japan is seizing the opportunity to re-assert her Monroe Doctrine for the East. With this end in view, the French authorities in Indo-China and the British have been requested to prevent the passage of war material into China. The Pétain Government agreed.

The British Government are asked to see that no further arms and munitions enter China by the Burma-Yunnan road, or through Hong Kong territory. The Tokyo newspaper *Asahi Shimbun* asserts "At all costs the Burma route must be cut off. We must fix a time limit to our demands." As it happens, no British war material has been reaching China by any route for a long time, all such supplies being from America or Russia.

There has been much anti-American feeling in Japan since the United States did not renew the trade treaty and continued to insist upon the "open door" in China. The antagonism was not allowed to come into open conflict as Japan depends too much upon her trade with America.

Uncertainty prevails concerning French Indo-China. At first the French Governor-General, General Catroux, declared that he would not lower the flag of France, and French nationals demonstrated before the British Consulate clamouring for continuation of the struggle by France. The Pétain Government has ordered General Catroux to return to France, having appointed one of their supporters, Vice-Admiral Decoux, to take his place. Three army divisions have been maintained in Indo-China. Hong Kong is evacuating the wives and families of army and navy men to Manila, as a result of the Japanese attitude.

There appears to be no weakening in the opposition of the United States Government to Japan's "Monroe Doctrine," and that Japan must realise that the concerns of eastern Asia remained of vital interest to America who was not inclined to submit to any dictation.

MAPPING THE WORLD'S WAR-AFFECTED AREAS

German Production Bases : Far East Reactions : Russia Invades Rumania

1829: The ancient racial territories of Wallachia and Moldavia were still defined when Russia held Bessarabia prior to the Crimean War

1859; The name Rumania appears on the map after the union of Wallachia and Moldavia in 1859. Subquently Bessarabia was taken over by the Russians

RUMANIA—THEN AND NOW

THE early history of Rumania has much in common with all other countries throughout Eastern Europe. During many centuries Rumania suffered from a long series of invasions or attempted invasions. Originally the country of the Dacians, the hordes of savage tribes, who subsequently peopled the adjacent Balkan areas, were resisted at the banks of the Dniester. The Wallachs and Moldavians formed the core of this district, the changes in territory taking place around these two ethnological areas. It was not until 1859 that Rumania secured the beginning of their national independence by the union of Wallachia and Moldavia. In 1878 a portion of the Dobruja was added to Rumania, which latter became a kingdom in 1881. The remainder of the Dobruja was allotted to Rumania after the Balkan War, 1913. After the Great War of 1914–18, the expansion of Rumania was considerable. The fertile Bessarabia, the extensive territory of Transylvania and also Bukovina were all added through treaties and thus became an integral part of the State of Rumania we know to-day. Russia has seized this opportune moment to achieve the return of Bessarabia, and in addition Bukovina.

1918: Rumania since the Great War had extended its boundaries in three directions; Transylvania, desired by Hungary, lies within the frontiers of Rumania with a divided population

RUSSIA TAKES TWO PROVINCES OF RUMANIA

RUSSIA has marched, with her "valiant Red Army," into Bessarabia and Bukovina, without opposition from Rumania. These two provinces have been claimed as definitely Russian, though for centuries Bessarabia was part of the Rumanian principality of Moldavia, only being annexed to Russia in 1812. After the Crimean War in 1856 Russia was forced to return Bessarabia, retaking it in 1878, after the Russo-Turkish War. The population of Bessarabia is a mixed one, but 56 per cent. is Rumanian, who now pass under alien domination. The province had declared its independence at the end of the Great War, and soon afterwards found it wiser to belong to the Kingdom of Rumania, a union which was agreed to by vote.

It was only in January last that King Carol, on a visit to Bessarabia, was greeted with enthusiasm by all parties, the minorities promising complete loyalty. "No enemy," said King Carol, "will be able to set foot on Rumanian soil so long as Rumania displays her existing spirit of unity."

Unfortunately, Rumania has other enemies besides Russia, who have been eagerly waiting an opportunity to seize back land lost in 1918. Within the country there has been the Iron Guard, devoted to Nazidom, which had caused much internal disorder till put down by the strong hand of King Carol. Under the pressure of events and the necessity for a united kingdom, the Iron Guard has been permitted to reappear and to enter the Government.

Hungary is covetously watching for the moment to occupy Transylvania, and is only restrained by Italy and Germany, who are not quite ready for Balkan operations. It is true that Transylvania belonged to Hungary till the Treaty of Trianon in 1918, but both Rumania and Hungary have claims to the province, where the population is almost equally divided between the two nations. The tension between the neighbouring countries has been high for some years, keeping the armed forces mobilised on the frontiers. The sense of danger last October brought about a better understanding, and by mutual agreement the troops on both sides were demobilised. On Tuesday it was announced from Bucharest that Rumania no longer desired the British guarantee of protection to operate and it appeared that she had thrown in her lot with Nazidom.

THE CHESSBOARD OF THE BALKANS AND THE NEAR EAST: The major move has been made by the U.S.S.R. against Rumania, the Moscow Government having stated last week that it desired to occupy Bessarabia and Bukovina. After communicating with the Axis Powers, King Carol signified that his troops would retire from the two regions. The Russian troops appear to have advanced more quickly than necessary and some clashes occurred. "Carol's Dyke" still remains operative against the outstretched hand of the Hungarians. It was rumoured that the dyke might be filled with oil

HOME AGAIN: Miss Mary Borden, the novelist, who is the wife of Brigadier-General Spears, seen with some of her nurses in London after their arduous retreat through France where the Hadfield-Spears ambulance unit, commanded by Miss Borden, was lost. After gaining the coast minus all their equipment, they spent five days on a battleship before arriving home

VIENNESE ROMANCE: Mr. A. G. Macdonell, the novelist, was married a few days ago to Miss Rosie Paul-Schiff, a Viennese. Mr. Macdonell wished to take her down to see the last night of his play, *Titian Red*, at Oxford. But, as an enemy alien, she could not leave London. He married her by special licence, and took her to Oxford as a British subject. The two have been friends since Miss Paul-Schiff came to England just before the Anschluss. Her family was connected with the wealthy banking firm of Warburg Schiff. Her father and mother escaped into Czechoslovakia, and thence, on the invasion of Prague, to Belgium. Formerly they were among the richest families of Vienna. Since the Germans invaded Belgium nothing has been heard of them

EVACUATED TO A SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY HOUSE: The Principal of the School of Architecture of the Architectural Association with his staff and students have set up their headquarters at Mount House, a delightful seventeenth-century residence at Hadley Common, Herts. The students are seen at work at the edge of the lily pond with the house in the background

FROM SITTING-ROOM TO DUG-OUT: A Palmer's Green resident has carried out a practical idea of having additional entrances to the cellar dug-out—from the sitting-room and the dining-room. Trap doors have been cut into the floors of both rooms, thus also supplying extra exits in case of emergency. A member of the household is seen entering the cellar through the trap door in the floor of the sitting-room

The World of Books—By Vernon Fane

NEW YORKERS ABROAD

Two Books by Contributors to that Well-known American Magazine

I REMEMBER being in New York when the first number of the *New Yorker* came out. Nobody paid much attention. There was a boom on. To an excessively magazine-conscious nation it was just another magazine. In those pre-*Time* days it was the slickest, smartest, and most hard-boiled of the metropolitan publications. Very soon its wise-cracks began to circulate round the speakeasies, and the names of Dorothy Parker, Peter Arno, Robert Benchley, Alexander Woollcott, James Thurber, Wolcott Gibbs, and many more, became familiar through its pages.

It was born at a time when America was escaping to Europe on every possible vacation, when nearly all contemporary American literature was written by expatriates. It survived this period because it owed nothing to it. The most cosmopolitan of American cities has a metropolitan consciousness and a sense of leadership in the national life as individual as that of Paris or London. Americans are fond of saying that New York is not America, but few would deny its cultural leadership. The *New Yorker* pretends to take nothing seriously, but more often than not the light ironic touch has in it a bite with a purpose.

These reflections on the *New Yorker* are inspired by books by two of its contributors. Both of these ladies have made their lives in Europe; both have assimilated the life and culture in which they chose to live; and both have obstinately remained New Yorkers.

"Genêt," whose Paris letter has been a regular feature in the *New Yorker* for many years, and who is equally at home in London, judging by her brilliant reporting of the Coronation and others of our bygone pageants and tea parties, is also the Janet Flanner, famous for a probing profile on occasion. Miss Flanner has selected some of these and other pieces from her wise and witty pen, revised, and brought them together in a volume called AN AMERICAN IN PARIS (Hamish Hamilton. 10s. 6d.).

She has lived in Europe since 1921 and, in the words of her ebullient publisher, "knows its geography, its statesmen and citizens, its variegated life from Berlin to Madrid, from London to Istanbul." And, we may add, is as different from the average hard-boiled American newsgatherer as chalk is from ripe *camembert*.

Miss Flanner has not only known all those statesmen (including Hitler) and famous citizens, but the painters, poets, novelists, and musicians of a Europe that is now in eclipse. Her preface, dated September, 1939, is dignified, nostalgic, and perfectly balanced. It is an essay in farewell. "However the present struggle turns out, on such native, needful, and nourishing divisions of the freeman's mind, all Gaul of to-day and to-morrow will continue to be united."

Her versatility is remarkable, Chanel, Schiaparelli, Coty, Ambassador Bullitt, Picasso, Stravinsky, Hitler, Deibler the executioner, Weidmann the murderer, Lydia Stahl the spy. The treatment of each is crisp, factual, opinionated and with the candour with which readers of the *New Yorker* are familiar.

The first piece in the book is entitled "Her Majesty Queen Mary." Here is a subject to test any writer who seeks to compress a character sketch into thirty pages: a subject, moreover, which demands something more than the easy factual approach with a few brilliant asides. The essay is a lesson on how to present a legend as a living, human being, losing nothing of the best of the legend in the process.

"An American in Paris" is now, alas, a period piece, but it will have a more permanent value than many such collections. It may be many a long and weary day before Genêt contributes another letter from Paris, but that day will come, for although she is a steadfast New Yorker she will always be a true Parisienne.

Virgilia Peterson Ross used also to do profiles for the *New Yorker*. Then she married a Polish prince and set about trying to become that kind of a European a Pole and a princess is expected to be. She made a very honest try, and would have still been trying if the coming of Hitler had not precipitated her headlong flight with her babies.

POLISH PROFILE (Heinemann. 10s. 6d.) is a book by the Princess Paul Sapieha telling how Gilly Ross of New York met Paul Sapieha of Rawa Ruska, in Grenoble, how they fell in love and finally married, in the teeth of the disapproval of both their families. A love match. In due course Paul was to inherit his ancestral estates, where he would have to live in a kind of semi-feudal state utterly foreign to the average American. It is true that in the few years before his father died Paul was engaged in big business in the Silesian coalfields, but his family were there, and into that stiff and unbending circle Gilly had to be taken and moulded into a princess.

The New Yorker never was moulded. That she tried, and how she tried, and was willing to go on trying is set down in this forthright, intelligent and completely honest record. It is a record of a spiritual and intellectual struggle to assimilate and live with bigotry, pride, obstinacy and a form of civilisation clinging to the doomed trappings of a bygone age. Only the much-loved Paul, wise, cultured and liberal for a Pole, and the children made it worth while.

Yet there is more in this book than mere family personalia. It is a story of peace and war, of family life outlined against an objective view of the Polish nation. Here are the Poles with all their virtues and shortcomings; their toughness, their pride, their intense conservatism, their pathetic complacency, and their magnificent courage. It is a story of Poland heavy with apprehension, of frenzied diplomatic activities, of terrible unpreparedness. Above all, it is a vivid picture of the first crash of war; of war of the most modern and terrible kind. Hemmed in between two invading armies, Gilly had to fly with her two children and only succeeded, by a few hours, in crossing a frontier to temporary safety.

On this piece of graphic description the book ends. One hopes that she is now back, with her children, in her true home, New York. "This is a story for them because they will not remember the world into which they were born. Uneasy though it was and full of anachronisms, it grew deep in ancient soil. Now it has been uprooted. I wanted to catch and put down in these pages what I saw, while the memory was still sharp, for the young who will inherit a new Poland in which they must build a new life after their own fashion."

The cities of Mr. D. L. Murray's TALE OF THREE CITIES (Hodder and Stoughton. 10s. 6d.) are Rome, London, and Paris, and the period covers the years from 1858 to 1871.

Deodato was a young lay brother, a foundling dedicated to the Church; but, as he had never completed his vows, he was able to get mixed up in a conspiracy all for the love of the Contessina Lodovica, who bore a striking resemblance to the Bernini figure which had so inspired him. He flies to London, to the house of Mr. Marsh, who carved tombstones; got mixed up in the Punch and Judy business, and also with a strange Frenchman whom the tombstone maker had once befriended. The Frenchman turned out to be none other than Louis Napoleon, and through him Deodato was able to discover his real father. He goes to Paris, to meet again his lovely Lodovica, to serve through the Prussian war, to endure the siege of Paris, in which he was conspicuous in the National Guard, and to be mixed up with the excesses of the Commune.

Mr. D. L. Murray calls this book a novel in baroque, which indeed it is, for there is scarcely anything which could be found in the life of three great capitals in this most colourful and ornate of all periods of history which he has not touched upon. Mr. Murray is an old hand at the sights and sounds and smells, and indeed the very stuff of the life of the historical period which he selects for his tales. He is also a sound historian; and although there is a tendency to Lyttonise the scene, and in spite of the echo of Dickens in the London of the Garrotters, the true historical perspective is never for one moment lost.

At first glance THE MARQUIS OF CARABAS, by Rafael Sabatini (Hutchinson. 9s. 6d.), would seem to be an escapist novel of the lightest kind, of the cloak-and-sword historical school; but on reflection there is more to it than that. Superficially it is an adventure story, full of action and the kind of characters we have learned to associate with this school, a Pimpernelesque yarn of the French Revolution. It is only when one is well away with all these intrigues, escapes, and the rest of it that one realises that underneath there is another story—a tale of Fifth Column activities one hundred and fifty odd years ago. It reveals how jealousies and petty thinking can wreck even the best planned adventure, how difficult it was even then for a collection of individualists to stand up against a near-totalitarian machine and, by implication, there is also an indictment of inherited authority.

I do not for a moment suppose that Mr. Sabatini intended to weigh down his swiftly-moving story with any deliberate attempt to draw historical parallels, but that he has done so is due not so much to him as to the times in which we live.

UNIFORM OPINION

Wherever officers of the three services foregather . . . in the mess . . . on the train . . . at the club . . . and particularly in our Uniform Department . . . you will find that they are agreed upon the excellence of Austin Reed's tailoring service. Complete uniforms . . . correct in every detail demanded by regulations . . . perfectly cut and finished . . . are ready in the shortest possible time. For officers who must be fitted immediately, we have uniforms tailored in advance, in every variation of fitting. Newly-commissioned officers seem surprised sometimes at the completeness of our Uniform Department, and at the range of equipment and accessories found under one roof. But regular officers, back for a replacement or two, will tell you it's always been like that.

AUSTIN REED

OF REGENT STREET

ALDERSHOT SERVICE ADDRESS: 36a UNION STREET
103-113 REGENT STREET · LONDON · W1 · LONDON AND PRINCIPAL CITIES

OFFICERS' UNIFORMS by HECTOR POWE

Officers can entrust the tailoring of their Uniform to Hector Powe with complete confidence. They are assured of a consistently high standard of tailoring and a thorough appreciation of the need for meticulous accuracy in detail.

UNIFORMS CAN BE SUPPLIED TO MEASURE WITHIN THREE DAYS, OR READY FOR IMMEDIATE WEAR.

Representatives sent to you on request. Prices are essentially reasonable—write for lists.

A.T.S., W.A.A.F., W.R.N.S. Officers' Uniforms. Greatcoats, etc., supplied.

HECTOR POWE

NAVAL, MILITARY, R.A.F. AND CIVIL TAILORS.
165, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.1,
Regent 4060 for London Branches.

And at CAMBERLEY and ALDERSHOT.

Also at: Glasgow, Edinburgh, Dundee, Newcastle, Sheffield, Hull, Manchester, Birmingham, Coventry, Bournemouth, Belfast, Brighton, Plymouth, Bristol, Cardiff, etc.

Tell Matron

I'll have my temperature taken in 15 minutes

Invite her to join me in a CHURCHMAN'S No. 1

Churchman's No. 1 Cigarettes: a fine 15 minutes of smooth smoking • 10 for 9½d. • 20 for 1/

C.344b

This 40/50 H.P. ROLLS-ROYCE Phantom III "Limousine de Ville" built just prior to the outbreak of war, represents the British Motor Industry at the New York World's Fair 1940.

ROLLS-ROYCE LTD. 14-15 CONDUIT ST. LONDON. W.1. *MAYFAIR 6201*

Hosts who offer Schweppes infer
You're something of a connoisseur

In Quest of Good Hotels

By ASHLEY COURTENAY

KEATS will have it that autumn in England is the "season of mists and mellow fruitfulness," but in some parts of the country the warm, "bloomy" atmosphere that seems peculiar to fruit growing prevails as early as July. You will find it particularly in Worcestershire and parts of Gloucestershire where grey stone houses nestle beneath banks of trees, and where stalls along the roadside offer you basket loads of cherries, strawberries, or plums. An ideal part of the country, this, for a change or a "breather"; tucked away well inland, and presenting you with beauty whichever way you turn.

I found myself recently on the Worcester–Gloucester borders and once again experienced the thrill of "discovery" which has no counterpart in all the world. I found both a village and an hotel which I had never seen before. I came into Broadway from the Tewkesbury road, and turning left-handed up her wide, sloping street, I went on for a few miles and ran into the attractive village of Mickleton, a grey island among its fruit trees, its proximity heralded for the traveller by the graceful fourteenth-century spire of the church, rising above the surrounding buildings.

History relates that 250 years ago a curate of Mickleton had a daughter so well versed in Latin that she taught it to the gentry of the village, and was duly considered a highly qualified young woman. In these days women turn their abilities to account in other directions, and Miss Sims, who owns and runs the Three Ways Hotel, certainly has a talent for making people both comfortable and happy, without any conscious effort.

I parked the car in a walled yard, and retraced my steps to a cool hall that was literally a bower of flowers. I discovered a little later that about 12.30, before helping to serve to her guests a luncheon she had cooked herself, Miss Sims usually had her own lunch. Unwittingly, I snatched this opportunity from her, for she spent the half-hour that followed my arrival in showing me round her rambling garden, her cool airy bedrooms and modern bathrooms, her dining-room with its brightly coloured table-cloths, and another room, opening on to the garden where she serves teas to passers-by. My luncheon was first class, from the home-made salad dressing to the equally home-made strawberry flan. Little snowy rolls, also Miss Sims' own make, appear hot each morning for breakfast, and this means getting up betimes. I don't know the origin of the name Three Ways, but I feel that Miss Sims has discovered the best three ways to success in her particular business—comfort, good cooking and personal charm.

A near neighbour of Mickleton is the village of Willersey, its scattered cottages facing a wide village green, upon one side of which you will find an antique shop containing treasures as rare as many found in Bond Street. Mr. Andrews, who keeps it, is a real connoisseur, and many is the handsome offer he has turned down because he could not bear to part with that trestle table, or this exquisite piece of pewter. Fully to appreciate his treasures you should examine them at leisure by staying in the village, and if there is room at the Manor Farm Guest House, your problem is answered.

Everything about it is friendly; even the fierce barking of a dog, my answer to an onslaught with the knocker on an already open door, was a bark of welcome, for no ferociousness followed. The flower-filled entrance lounge prepared me for the beauties of the garden beyond—the simple beauty of flowers and fruit trees growing side by side. The house is old, and the tall ones among you must 'ware beams, but the low-ceilinged bedrooms are clean and cool, and though I have never actually had a meal there, I suspect that it is always a good one, for Mrs. Caird, the owner, takes charge of the kitchen herself.

Some people say that the attractions of a village will always supersede those of a town, be it ever so small, but I doubt if this argument would hold good for anyone who had visited Chipping Campden. Whether your first glimpse of it is its placid almshouses, a little buttressed wall separating them from the road, or its magnificent old Wool Mart in the middle of the curving High Street, you cannot but admire its simple beauty. Many a lovely thing is laid before men's eyes in this county of Gloucestershire, but there is only one Campden. To appreciate her fully you must stay considerably longer than a day, and to do so happily and comfortably, you should make Cotswold House your headquarters.

Lovers of the art of Adam will be entranced by this house, with its wide, stone-flagged hall, and perfect Adam staircase, spiralling up to the roof, each delicate balustrade a thing of exquisite beauty. Two sunny lounges face the wide street, and a cool, high-ceilinged dining-room at the back of the house looks on to a walled garden, colourful with flowers. The fertile soil of Gloucestershire is kind to flowers and vegetables alike, so you can be sure of blooms in your bedroom and home-grown accessories to your meals. Beyond the garden is a private squash court, a luxury in these days, providing you with an excellent form of exercise near at hand.

Mr. Ashley Courtenay is always pleased to advise "Sphere" readers of hotels, both large and small, known to him personally. Letters, accompanied by a 2½d. stamp for reply, should be addressed to him, c/o the Editor, THE SPHERE, *32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4. Personal and telephone inquiries, however, cannot be accepted.*

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

This Society has just learned that four of their old boys were on the S.S. *Orama* when she was sunk while engaged in helping troops to withdraw from Norway. One was a Quartermaster, one an A.B., one a sailor and the fourth a deck boy. We can only hope that they may be among the few survivors. This Society, which maintains and trains boys not only for the Royal Navy and Merchant Navy, but for every sphere of National Service in addition to its 175 girls, is urgently in need of funds to carry on its work. Will you please send a gift, however small, to the secretary at 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2, from which address they will be gratefully acknowledged.

CENSORSHIP REGULATIONS

Readers are free to post this paper to any country other than the following, to which only the publisher or newsagent with a permit may post: Italy, Ruthenia, Holland (Netherlands), Belgium, Luxemburg, Denmark, Switzerland, Hungary, Yugoslavia, Sweden, Japan, China, Norway, San Marino, Union of Soviet Socialist Republics, Finland, Estonia, Latvia, Lithuania, Spain, Bulgaria, Thailand (Siam), Vatican City, Rumania, Turkey, Greece, Portugal, Monaco, Lichtenstein, Andorra, or any dependencies thereof.

CONDITIONS OF SALE AND SUPPLY

This periodical is sold subject to the following conditions, namely, that it shall not, without the written consent of the publishers first given, be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of by way of Trade except at the full retail price of 1s.: and that it shall not be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of in a mutilated condition or in any unauthorised cover by way of Trade: or affixed to or as a part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever.

Conway Stewart

BY sturdy unfailing service CONWAY STEWART Pens have proved their worth a thousand-fold. In business and home, in college and school the CONWAY STEWART is regarded by millions as a valued and trusty friend.

All-British

Some other favourite models

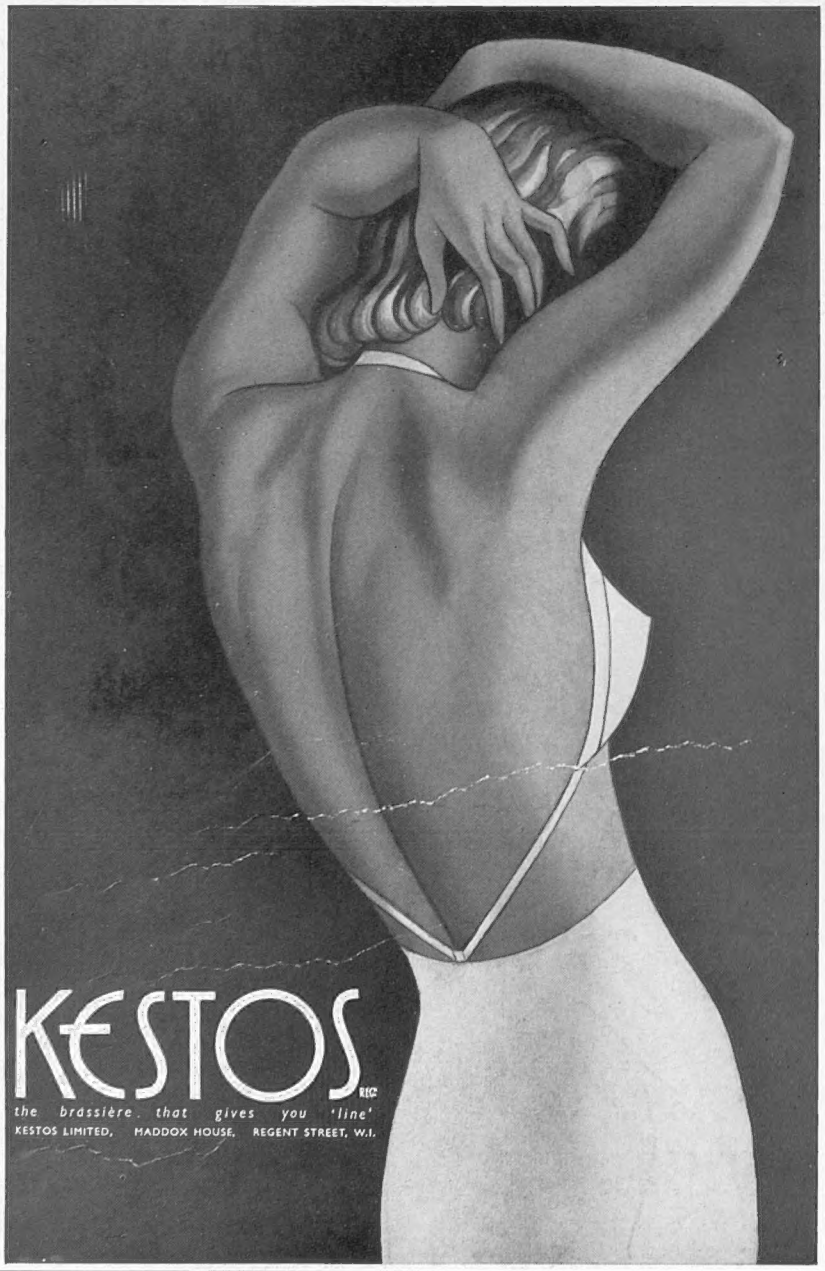
"Duro" No. 26 (oversize) 21/-
"Conway Stewart" No. 35 - 17/6
"Conway Stewart" No. 226 - 10/6
"Conway" 475 - 8/6
"Universal" 479 - 6/6
"Dinkie" 540 - - 6/6

Of all Stationers and Stores

Coloured Catalogue post free from the Manufacturers:

CONWAY STEWART & Co., Ltd.
(Makers of good pens for 35 years)
75/82 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.4

No. 286 12/6 The Pen of Pens



KESTOS Reg.
the brassière that gives you 'line'
KESTOS LIMITED, MADDOX HOUSE, REGENT STREET, W.1.

RUPTURE PREVENTED BY UNDERWEAR

War Workers' Secret of Figure & Vigour!

LITESOME brings new energy—lasting Comfort! Smartens Figure. Can't Chafe. **FREE 14-DAY TRIAL.** Money-back Guarantee. Popular Model **3/9.** De Luxe Quality **5/6.** A.R.P. Service Model (Gasproof) **7/-.** Adjustable Aeromesh Mayfair **13/6.** At Outfitters, Chemists, Sports Shops, or P.O. and waist size to **HURTLEY Ltd., Box 69, Victoria Park Mills, Keighley.**

LITESOME FITNESS UNDERWEAR

Stop that COLD with VAPEX

BREAST SUPPORTER

Trade Mark. Regd. Design. Patents. Copyright Reserved.

For small figures only, in white fine material, **19/6**
White material. For drooping, heavy figures, **38/6**
Loose Breasts, **32/6**
Pink Silk or Net Detachable straps from **52/6**
Very low back model, **63/-**
Please state Bust and Underbust measurements.

JOUJOU GIVES UPLIFT and SUPPORT to FIRM or LOOSE BREASTS

INGENIOUS DESIGN for AMPUTATION.

WITHOUT & WITH NURSE WITH COMFORT

JOUJOU NOT A LUXURY BUT A NEEDED BREAST SUPPORTER. UPLIFTS. RELIEVES PAIN, FATIGUE, DRAGGING FEELING, SORENESS, CHAFING, WHICH ARISE FROM WORRY. ALSO for MOTHERS BEFORE and AFTER CONFINEMENT, PREVENTS MILK CLOTTING and INFLAMMATION. MUST be WORN DAY and NIGHT.

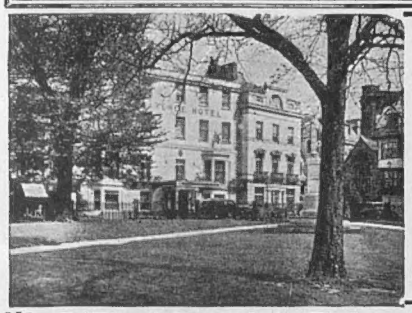
Various prices for one's requirements and taste. FOR AMPUTATION. *Prices on application.*
Joujou Breast Supporter with Pad.
Personal fitting when calling or send your order.
Free illustrated circular. If not satisfactory, money returned in U.K. Orders guaranteed immediately executed by return post. Write or 'Phone Welbeck 1240
Post free only in U.K. *Obtainable only from—* 674 Dept. S.35

JOUJOU Co. 32 BAKER STREET LONDON, W.1.

PRINTED IN ENGLAND by EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE LIMITED, *His Majesty's Printers*, at East Harding Street, London, E.C.4, and Published Weekly by ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS, LTD., 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4.—*July 6*, 1940. Entered as Second-class Matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office, 1903.

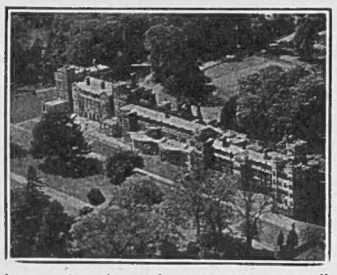
Leave, Convalescence or Your Summer Holiday
— *Here at* —
HUNTLY **Bishopsteignton**
Nr. Teignmouth, S. Devon
we offer you peace of mind, restful scenery, and a sense of homeliness individual to Huntly—an unusual hotel.

And this can be your bedroom view at
TOLLARD ROYAL HOTEL BOURNEMOUTH
Terms and details from Miss P. E. WOOLCOCK



An 18th-century coaching house, the pride of 20th-century days. Sample the cocktail lounge, grill and ballroom. Enjoy a good cellar, good food and good nights.
Royal Clarence Hotel
EXETER
"Neath the shadow of a Symphony in Stone."
Write for Brochure or 'phone 4071/2

SELSDON PARK HOTEL
SANDERSTEAD - - - SURREY
'Phone: Sanderstead 2001
Unique for War time residence or rest
Over 500 ft. up on the Surrey Hills, yet only half an hour from the heart of London.
FREE GOLF ON PRIVATE 18-HOLE COURSE (6,430 yards)
Illustrated brochure free on request.



Full en pension with free service to station, magnificent solarium, swimming, tennis, dancing, billiards, squash rackets, electric gymnasium, all free. Riding. REMOTE FROM OTHER BUILDINGS, IN OWN PARK OF 230 ACRES, IN A NEUTRAL AREA. Adequate subterranean gas-proof air raid shelter, protected by four reinforced concrete floors. Hot and cold water, telephone and radiator in every room. Over 150 rooms, the majority with private bathroom, Moderate inclusive terms.
Terms Reduced 20% to 25% from pre-war. No avoidable alteration in standard.
A DE LUXE HOTEL AT MODERATE INCLUSIVE TERMS.

FORTFIELD HOTEL **Standing in its own grounds, overlooking the sea.**
SIDMOUTH S. DEVON
Self-contained Suites. Finely appointed Public Rooms. Passenger Lift and every modern convenience. H. & C. in all rooms. Fully Licensed. Lock-up Garages.
For Bookings or Brochure, write Resident Manager, Mr. E. G. Russell, Fortfield Hotel, Sidmouth, S. Devon.
Telegrams, Fortfield, Sidmouth Telephone, Sidmouth 39

LINCOMBE HALL
HOTEL :: :: TORQUAY
Our lovely gardens are typical of Glorious Devon and here—in safety—modern comforts are obtained, with beautiful surroundings. We are proud of our cuisine. Our beds are the last word for luxurious repose and many rooms have a private bathroom.
Write for brochure which describes many other amenities.
Inclusive Terms :: from 4½ guineas.

AND HERE IS PEACE . . .
A sheltered park of 60 acres. A sun-trap 400 feet up. An hospitable and first-class hotel for Summer. London under an hour by train. Sporting golf course in the grounds.
THE SPA HOTEL ROYAL TUNBRIDGE WELLS
Write for tariff-booklet entitled "And here is peace." Telephone: Tunbridge Wells 1911

FOR the dignity of the past, plus the improvements of the present.
The King's Hotel, Brighton
Specially reduced quotation for long term residence.

ELFORDLEIGH HOTEL PLYMPTON
In a lovely park-like setting on the edge of Dartmoor—6 miles from the sea. Private Golf Course. Fully licensed. Trains met at Plymouth by appointment.
Telephone after seven—Plympton 221411

For quiet, seaside luxury, go NOW to the **SHORE HOTEL,** EAST WITTERING Nr. CHICHESTER
◆ WITHIN, fine wine, good food, Slumberland nights.
WITHOUT, safe bathing, bracing air. Free transport from Chichester. ◆
Three star A.A., R.A.C. **TERMS FROM 4½ GNS.** Tel: West Wittering 3245

THE OAKELEY ARMS
TAN-Y-BWLCH
BLAENAU FFESTINIOG
NORTH WALES
D'you want to walk? Fish? Bathe? Play golf? Do all four in turn among the glories of the Welsh mountains, and your worries will be gone with the wind.
Telephone: Penrhyndeudraeth 213
Terms from **4 Gns.**

"ATHOLL PALACE HOTEL, PITLOCHRY"

ATHOLL PALACE HOTEL
IN THE HEART OF THE HIGHLANDS
Among the heather bens, pine-clad slopes and sparkling streams, peace-time relaxation and health await you. Nearly 50 acres of private pleasure grounds; Golf, Tennis, Swimming, Dancing. Entertainments for every day of your stay.
SAFE AREA; NO PERMITS REQUIRED
PITLOCHRY, PERTHSHIRE, SCOTLAND

NAVY, ARMY and R.A.F. OFFICERS'
UNIFORMS
for
IMMEDIATE WEAR

Whether you require a complete Outfit or a single replacement—you can get everything at Moss Bros. ready for immediate use, and behind it all you have our tradition of over 50 years' Outfitting for the Services. Uniforms also made to measure in 36/48 hours.

W.R.N.S., A.T.S. & W.A.A.F. OFFICERS' UNIFORMS made to measure at shortest notice.

Post Orders can be fulfilled and goods despatched without delay.

MOSS BROS
& COMPANY LIMITED
COVENT GARDEN
Corner of King St., and Bedford St., W.C.2
TEMple Bar 4477 (12 lines)
Also
5 St. Ann's Sq., Manchester. 76 Park St., Bristol. 13 The Hard, Portsmouth. 29 London Rd., Camberley. 1 Gordon Rd., Aldershot. And at Edinburgh, Filey, Hove, Salisbury, Shrivenham, York

NCC524M

Per ardua ad astra

Who can have watched our Airmen, or have read of their exploits, without deep pride in their mastery of the air? Those are the men who, when on leave, pursue a golf ball with as much determination as they pursue their quarry. And when that ball is a NORTH BRITISH "S.S." screaming from the club-head with ***supercharged*** force, how it must remind them of their own swift and purposeful flight!

NORTH BRITISH GOLF BALLS

Not only British—but 'NORTH BRITISH'

SUPERCHARGED S.S.
The choice of champions
PIN-HI *High performance at low cost*

MADE IN EDINBURGH BY THE NORTH BRITISH RUBBER COMPANY LTD.

PRINTED IN ENGLAND by EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE LIMITED, *His Majesty's Printers*, at East Harding Street, London, E.C.4, and Published Weekly by ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS, LTD., 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4.—*July 6*, 1940. Entered as Second-class Matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office, 1903.